OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 9.

Things Theatrical.

Abbott and Balls have been playing at the Park during the week to very fair houses. Miss Phillips is underlined to appear immediately. *Rienzi* draws at the Franklin still, and so does *The Jewess* at the Bowery, and very hard, too!

The Italian Opera House.—The *on dit* that obtains now is, that Mr. Wm. Abbott, now starring at the Park, and Mr. Wm. E. Burton the fixed star of the Chesnut street theatre, Philadelphia, have secured the lease of this beautiful structure, and will open it next season with a brilliant company.

Mr. Hamblin sails for England in June to engage recruits for the Bowery, the elite of his company having withdrawn from his establishment.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Hackett took his benefit at the Park, previous to his departure for Europe. The house was filled to the ceiling and the enthusiastic plaudits with which his performance was received, must have been in the highest degree gratifying to this meritorious actor. Being called for at the conclusion of the piece, he expressed himself grateful to the audience for the many marks of approval they had repeatedly shown him, and thus spoke of his contemplated journey:

"I have of late, I confess, felt a regret that the range of my characters was more circumscribed than is necessary to my own taste and ambition. In some measure to obviate this is my chief object in going abroad.

"I wish to avail myself of some experienced drrmatists, in preparing some novelties worthy of the continued and liberal encouragement I have always received from you." N. Y. Emigrant.

The *Montreal Theatre*.—We commend the following paragraph from the Albion, of this city, to the attention of the Quebec Mercury, who courteously chid us for stating that Mr. Ward had leased the Canadian theatres.

"The Montreal Theatre has been taken by Mr. Ward, the manager of the Washington Theatre, and Mr. Dinmore of Philadelphia, and will be opened early in June, with a strong corps. We regret, however, to learn that the same theatre has been let for the month of May to another person, by which means a part of the novelty will be taken away. Much as Messrs. Dinmore and Ward may have right to complain in this instance, it has not, we are assured, at all dampened their spirits or lessened their preparations for relying upon the good taste of the public at Montreal; they have engaged the first talent at command. A list of the stars will be found in the advertisement in our paper of this day."

The stars referred to are Reeve, Abbott, Balls, Herr Cline, etc. If our friend of the Mercury was right in saying that Mr. Logan had leased the theatre, so were we in giving Mr. Ward as the lessee. As Pat would say, we were right neither of us, for both hit it exactly.

The Watsons are off for Washington this week. "An affair at Bladensburgh" will come off in just ten days from their first arrival there;—*perhaps* Miss Charlotte's eyes and dimples will have nothing to do with it. If we err not, the fiery M. C's will find the sweet warblings of Miss Watson an excellent sedative after an angry debate;—indeed, we are quite sure that Messrs. Bynum and Wise would not have been caught scandalizing each other at 4 o'clock, of a Sunday morning, could they but have listened one night to the "*Oh! do not forget, love*" *and all that*, of Mrs. Watson.

In a month more these lovely Vocalists will hold undisputed sway on our stage. Mrs. Wood alone detains them from assuming this place. Miss Charlotte has a line of her own of the most popular characters—less dependant upon her musical powers than the line of Mrs. Watson. We allude of course to her *Little Pickle*, and *Poll the Pet*, and *Pages* without number. The Washington bucks must insist upon seeing her in the "*Pet of the Petticoats!*"

Mr. Barnes and family, with a pretty strong company are doing famously at Augusta, Ga. He will return here about the end of June, having declined other southern engagements.

Yankee Hill and Mrs. Gibbs, the vocalist, have been "At Home" at Vicksburg, Miss. That queer dog, Hill, makes himself at home everywhere, and if the pretty Mrs. Gibbs was not admired of the Lynchers of Vicksburgh, they deserve hanging.

Ludlow and Smith have taken the St. Louis theatre, which they open in June with their Mobile company.

The Tiernans are with Parsons, ere this, at Louisville.

Norton, the trumpeter, has sailed for Trinidad, West Indies.

Russell has issued proposals for a superb new theatre in New Orleans, on the plan of our Italian Opera House.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Charles E. Horn has completely recovered his voice—a fact that will equally gratify his thousand other friends and admirers. When shall we hear him?

The New-York American notices a tragedy recently published in the city of Gotham, which seems to be like the tragedies of the olden time, "full of very pleasant mirth." It is entitled "Henry IV., of Germany, a Tragedy in five acts." As to the language in which it is written, the editor is somewhat at a loss to decide what country may claim the honour of speaking it, although it looks somewhat like English to the eye. The following specimens are furnished for the benefit of the curious. A speaker on the first page, says of another:

——— all we, his friends,
In careless watch assieging his deport,
Obtain the note of stealing crepitude,
And frame's defect.

From the general context it is presumed that this means that the person observed is *growing old*. The same speaker, further on, still bent on urging the age of his sovereign as a motive for the revolt, thus expiates:

Who to inferior judgment would incline?
Because it was not jaundiced prejudice
Discovered this in-eating reason's rust.
I was not foremost—fealty repelled
And obstacled this truth invading truth.

The editor of the American is cruel enough to intimate that "such stuff as this 'obstacled' his progress in the book." It is decidedly unpatriotic to treat "native genius" and "American literature" in this cold-hearted manner. The editor of the Commercial Advertiser, however, is more encouraging in his notice "of the tragedy in five acts." He is rather, to be sure, inclined to think that some of William Shakspeare's plays may be pronounced superior to it, on the whole, but his opinion, it may be hoped, is not altogether calculated to damp the ardor of a gentleman who is desirous to "come forth a Sophocles and write things for the buskin." [National Gazette.

BOOTH.

Although we were aware of the fact of the unfortunate affair of Mr. Booth's attempt upon his life, yet as we did not wish to gratify the vicious appetite of gossips, we refrained from publishing an account of the occurrence out of respect for the feelings of the friends of the great tragedian. As rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues, and statements have appeared in the public prints calculated to leave wrong impressions on the mind of the reader, the same motive which caused us to remain silent on the subject then, induces us to publish the following, which we believe to be a correct account of the circumstances alluded to.

It appears that Mr. Booth had for some time past been seriously indisposed, so much so, as to be noticed by the newspapers in the District of Columbia, where we believe he last performed; although he elicited the unanimous approbation of the critics at the time, each account of his performances agreed that he was laboring under severe indisposition. In this state of bodily infirmity he arrived in this city, where he has been confined ever since to his private dwelling. On Monday morning 28th, during the absence of his wife from his bed side, and while laboring under a mental aberration he attempted to immolate himself by hanging, in which he had partially succeeded when discovered by his wife, who released him from his perilous situation, and sent for medical aid, upon the arrival of which, had somewhat recovered, and although not entirely sane, there were some moments when the cloud seemed to be dissipated, and his countenance would beam with the utmost complacency, which brightened the hopes of his family and friends. It was during one of those returns of self-possession, immediately after the arrival of medical aid, that he burst into tears and exclaimed in the most feeling manner, "My God—my God! what could have come over me!"

We publish the above, in order that it may do away any false impressions that may have been created as to the cause of this unfortunate affair, and in conclusion would remark, that as Mr. Booth abstains altogether from eating any food which has had animal life, and lives only upon vegetables and light diet, his physical form has naturally become much debilitated, and rendered unable to sustain the workings of his gigantic mind, which, when brought into full play in the arduous duties of his profession, often dethrones reason and leaves "a wreck behind." [Baltimore Transcript.

ROMANTIC BUT TRUE STORY.

The following paragraph from the Evening Star, was sent to it by its Liverpool correspondent; and it recalls to our recollection a remarkable fact in the history of the titled lady here spoken of, which we have long thought of making public:—

"*The Countess of Harringtom—ci devant Miss Foote*—is said to be in very indifferent health. This lady, who has had the luck to win a coronet in the wane of her beauty, has behaved in a very exemplary manner since her marriage. She has not however, been received at Court. At the Coronation, September, 1831, she was pre-eminent for the taste and richness of her attire."

It is well known that the present Countess of Harrington, formerly the beautiful and talented Miss Foote, the actress, was for some time under the protection, as it is falsely termed, of the celebrated Colonel Berkley, now Lord Seagrave, of Berkley Castle, Gloucestershire, in England. It is equally well known that the result of this connection was two children, a girl and a boy. Shortly after the birth of the latter, a weak minded young man of fortune, Mr. Joseph Hayne, better known as Pea-Green Hayne, became so deeply fascinated with the charms of Miss Foote, that although he well knew these facts, he offered her his hand in marriage. She accepted the offer, and the nuptial ceremony was on the point of being performed, when his friends interfered and restrained him by main force, by actually locking him up in a room, from consummating an engagement which they considered to be degrading. For this breach of promise, Miss Foote sued him in a court of law, and recovered damages to the amount of £3,000 sterling. He afterwards renewed the offer, and she feigned to accept it again; but on the hour to which they were to go to the hymenial altar, Miss Foote made herself scarce in her wedding attire, and would never afterwards listen to his importunities. Poor Hayne got so unmercifully laughed at in the fashionable world of which he was a votary, that he abandoned himself to a lower scale of society, became a patron of the pugilistic ring, in sheer vexation of the ring of matrimony, and spent a large fortune in gambling. When Hayne first made his infatuated proposals to Maria Foote, she was in the city of Dublin, and the younger of her children, a boy, was but five or six months old. She, however, left them both under the care of a Mrs. Mc Dermott, the wife of a respectable mechanic, then residing near Sackville street, and accompanied Hayne to the British metropolis. She never saw those children afterwards.

She wrote several times to Mrs. Mc Dermott, inquiring after them, and we believe promising to send her money for their maintainance and education, but the promise was never performed and the correspondence ceased. Capt. Foote, Maria Foote's father, called several times to see the children, but he also left them to the unaided care of their foster mother, and was seen by her no more. Within a year from that period, Mrs. Mc Dermott emigrated with her husband to this country, and having no children of her own, and being much attached to the lovely children she had nurtured, she brought them with her, rather than leave them to the mercy of an Almshouse. The little boy died on the passage; her husband died shortly after their arrival, and she is now a very poor widow, living in Orange-street, and maintaining the daughter of Lord Seagrave and the Countess of Harrington, by her humble but honest exertions over the washing tub. We first saw this little girl about a year since, in the office of Counsellor De Lacy, in Chambers-street, where she was employed in some menial duties about his apartments. She was then between twelve and thirteen years of age, and was fully conscious of her parentage and abandonment. Being somewhat incredulous respecting her romantic story, curiosity induced us to obtain an interview with her foster mother, Mrs. Mc Dermott, which resulted in firm conviction upon our mind that the narrative was perfectly true in every particular. The general impression in England concerning the fate of these children, if we may judge from the occasional interest manifested concerning them in some of the English papers, is that they are enjoying all the advantages of a wealthy and noble paternity, both in education and society, within the princely domain of Berkley Castle. But other papers say that they are equally happy and prosperous under the maternal care of the Countess of Harrington. This discrepancy may be considered a collateral evidence of the fact that these papers know not where they are; but merely indulge on fashionable rumors. Mrs. Mc Dermott, however, can afford any inquirer satisfactory proof, both documentary and circumstantial, that she knows their fate, and can now produce one of them whose features speak strongly for the maternity she claims. Thus whilst Lord Seagrave is spending his £50,000 sterling a year in a splendid circle of luxury and fashion, and newspaper correspondents write even to America of "the richness of attire," the "pre-eminence of the taste," and the "exemplary manners" of the far-famed Countess of Harrington, the deserted daughter of these titled parents, is living upon the charity of a poor feeble old washerwoman, who is scarcely able to earn a subsistence. We met the poor child yesterday, carrying a bundle in William-street; and we can assure the correspondent of the Evening Star that there was very little richness in *her* attire. If any person should wish for any further particulars of this heartless abandonment, we shall be pleased to introduce him to poor Mrs. McDermott, and we doubt not that Counsellor De Lacy would feel equal pleasure in doing so. [N. Y. Sun.

A CAPITAL PICTURE.

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pockets, out of spirits, and out in the street, an "out and outer" in every respect. He sat upon the curb-stone, leaning his head upon his hand, his elbow being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relievad at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forlornly into the gutter. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he spoke. "They used to tell me put not your trust in princes—and I hav'nt. None of 'em never wanted to borrow nothing of me. Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicianers! them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Hav'nt I been serving my country these five years, like a patriot; going to meetings and huzzaing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes; havn't I blocked the windows, got licked fifty times, carried I dont know how many black eyes and broken noses, for the good of the commonwealth, and the popularity of our illegal rights, and all for what? Why for nix. If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I cant get no office! Republics is ungrateful. I didn't want no reward for my services. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do; and I've only got half nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm swaggered if they ain't!" "Come with me," said Charley, helping him along. "I'll take care of you. But what made you a politicianer—havn't you a good trade?" "Trade! yes; but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul—a whole soul? Trade! I loved my country, and I wanted an office—I didn't care what, if it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Headwork is the trade I'm made for—for talking, that's my line. Talking in congress, talking in the bar-room, talking for my dinner, talking for my drink, and to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been all sides—tried 'em, and I know 'em—none of 'em gave me any thing, and I've a mind to knock off and call it half a day." Cincinnati Farmer.

A PRIZE.

Yesterday an aged and respectable citizen of Baltimore, met with an incident of good luck of a rare and singular nature. Passing along Baltimore street at his usual slow pace, his eyes fell on a small package that lay immediately in his path. He turned it over and over with his cane—moved it this way and that, and at length, after casting a look around to see whether any observed him picked it up, and examined it. It was directed to the Bank of Baltimore, closed with red sealing wax, and stamped with a peculiar kind of seal. His heart beat at a rapid rate—he had been happy in his poverty—but now that wealth was within his grasp, he felt that his days of joy were complete, and that he must be miserable. As he passed along with his treasure, he began to question himself as to the propriety of keeping the money—it was directed to the Bank of Baltimore, and should be returned to its rightful owners. Yet avarice, like a wily serpent, twined around his heart, and want breathed eloquently in his ear tales of impoverished old age—beds of sickness, cold and dreary winters, and above all a scolding wife. "Besides," said he, "nobody will be a bit the wiser, and one family at least will be made comfortable."

Pondering over the doctrines of Jerrymy Bentham, and accommodating circumstances admirably to his conscience, he arrived home with the treasure in his pocket—but as he entered the door, conviction again came upon him—he thought he had a nest of vipers in his pocket—the package appeared to have troubled spirits within its envelope—each spirit seemed to speak out in terrible tones to his conscience, and he trembled all over as if he had committed an act which would forever blast his reputation and his happiness. Poor man! all his dreams of bliss had now flown—he entered his good old lady's apartment with eyes glairing and limbs trembling from joint to joint. His wife, alarmed at his unusual appearance, placed him upon a chair, and began chafing his beating temples with vinegar, repeatedly asking him what had occurred to agitate him so?

"O wife!—wife!" at length muttered he, "I am a miserable old man. The devil has been tempting me, and I have sinned largely."

"How, my dear?" tenderly asked the old lady, beginning to suspect that her husband had sat too long by the tavern fire—she was sure she smelt brandy.

"Put your hand in my pocket, and take from thence ten thousand scorpions that have been stinging me for this half hour past. Take them out wife."

"Indeed, I will," said she, drawing the package from his pocket. "Bless my soul! what's this?"

"Bank notes—I found them in the street—but they belong to the Bank of Baltimore."

"Why, now—how lucky; but what a pity that we should have to return them—they would make us comfortable for the rest of our lives."

"Ah! wife", said the old gentleman sorrowfull, "don't tempt me again—Adam sinned through Eve, and Eve through the accursed one. I wonder how much money is in that package?"

"Ten thousand dollars I'll be bound.—It would be no harm to open it, would it?"—You know we can give the money back when a reward is offered."

The husband said nothing—and the old lady taking silence for consent, proceeded to break the seals, one by one—when lo! instead of ten thousand dollars and as many scorpions, out fell a brace of *tracts* and a piece of paper, on which was written in large characters "*April Fool!*" Baltimore Transcript.

Mr. George Jones, the American Tragedian.—During the professional visit of this accomplished actor at Stratford-upon-Avon, we had the greatest pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to his successful personations of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and other principal characters, which owe their dramatic existence to the high poetic genius of "Avonia's Bard." We then considered it our duty to point out the disinterested and honorable conduct of Mr. Jones, in offering his services gratuitously in aid of the fund now raising to keep in perpetual repair the tomb of Shakspeare, and to renovate the chancel, where the honored ashes of the bard are interred. To his honor be it recorded, that he was the first "professional" who stepped forward to assist that laudable undertaking,—and to the disgrace of the historians of the day, be it recorded, that he is the *only* gentleman who has made the offer. Impelled by feelings of attachment to a cause, to which Americans have ever been wedded, (and we look upon Mr. Jones as a son of the New World,) he has liberally tendered his services at Covent Garden this (Saturday) evening, on the occasion of the benefit for the Poles; the offer was accepted by the Committee, in a letter from Lord Dudley Stuart, in which his Lordship most warmly thanks Mr. Jones for his generous proposal. We wish Mr. Jones the same success in his personation of *Rochester* in the *Merry Monarch* which attended his performance of *Hamlet;* for we feel that as a tragedian, his efforts have only to be witnessed to ensure him a decided popularity. In private life, we know no gentleman more deserving the esteem of his friends; as a scholar he is entitled to our admiration; as a warm Shaksperean, to the especial consideration of all lovers of dramatic literature. How noble is his conduct contrasted with that of Mr. Charles Kemble, of whom the *Morning Advertiser* says, "We regret to learn that Mr. C. Kemble refused the application of the Polish Committee for his services, unless they agreed to pay him £20, for his exertions on the evening of the Benefit of the Refugees; being in a manner identified with the performances at Covent Garden, his terms were acceded to. Comment is unnecessary." We look forward to a great *morceau* in the Oration which Mr. Jones has consented to deliver at the next Anniversary Dinner of the Stratford Royal Shakspearean Club. London Morning Herald.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

The follies of the first of April have never flourished in America. A practice may occasionally be observed among the recent importations, or in the family circles of some fun-loving folks from the old country; but the clear heads and business habits of the Americans are anomalous to the old-fashioned observance of the day. The custom is declining even in merry England, where the first of April has long been the season for "most exquisite foolery." They have dethroned the King's Jester, and the office of the Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished; no one careth for the observance of All-Fool's-Day, for personal interest in its mysteries hath waxed weak. Oh, for the departed glory of the *seven* wise men! Now-a-days, *all* are learned! The strides of the schoolmaster have been accelerated by steam, and thousands of ten thousands receive their weekly quantum of intelligence with mechanical regularity. Children no longer cry after cakes, candy is uncared for, ginger-bread is becoming obsolete, and a play-thing is a reminiscence. Penny Magazines and Cyclopædias engross the pocket-money of the rising generation: half-fledged philosophers contradict their grandams, and talk ethics in the nursery, and apprentices instruct their masters in the usages of the divine science. There are now-a-days, no "sealed books; the treasures of bibliography are attainable for a trifle, and the hoarded wisdom of the sage may be had for a handful of cents.

To return to the first of April. Charles H——, a young artist, depended upon his professional exertions for the support of himself and his widowed mother. He was of a good family, well educated, and possessed of that high spirit of independence which gives a keener pang to the stab of poverty. For the sake of a genteel direction, he occupied a third-floor in a bye-street turning out of the principal avenue in one of our Atlantic cities; and while peeping over the little yellow muslin window-curtain, frequently gazed upon the charming face of a young lady who resided with her mamma, in the house immediately opposite. Admiration speedily ripened into love. Miss Emily W—— had noticed his passionate but respectful glances, and felt something like a wish to know more of so handsome a young fellow, with such fine eyes, and pale, romantic face. Charles, taking advantage of his exaltation, eagerly watched for her appearance at the breakfast table in the front parlor. "Love has eyes." H—— soon observed that Miss Emily frequently walked to the window, before she sat down to breakfast, and under pretence of pulling up or letting down the blind, raised her beautiful sparklers to see if her third-floor watcher was at his post. This soon became a regular practice, and Charles onee or twice felt sure that a sweet smile graced his Emily's countenance, and he could not but observe that she paid a greater attention to the becoming appearance of her morning dress. This was enough. Charles H—— was not more vain than a gentlemanly, handsome young fellow ought to be; but he did think, although the lady was an heiress, and moved in the first circles, that if he had a chance of forming an acquaintance with Miss W——, he should soon be beloved. He devoured fewer muffins and less beef than usual; became more pale and sentimental, and painted myriads of angels, sylphs, and lovely Emilys. If he was employed upon the likeness of any lady, the portraiture was sure to be—Emily. Had he to depict a snub nose, he converted the nasal naughtiness into the lovely Grecian proboscis of his ladye-love. How could he paint mi:-shapen lips, or teeth jagged as old palings, while Emily's parted coral and rows of pearl were so constantly before him? Her intellectual smile gave beauty to the fleshy insipidities he was expected to portray. The voluptuous and Psyche-like softness of her large blue eye, the curling richness of her chestnut hair, hanging in luxurious tendrils around a neck and shoulders whose touch they seemed to covet; her small and delicately-formed ears; her forehead, not sufficiently high nor bumpy to please a phrenologist, yet exquisitely shaped, and smooth and polished as the ivory on which he painted—each and all were delineated in the portraits of his employers. This but increased his reputation. Ladies care not about their likenesses being like, if they are but made to look pretty. Emily was excessively handsome;—and so—all parties were satisfied.

A lover is nothing without a confidant. Charles could not "babble of green fields" to his aged parent; so, making a friend of a school acquaintance, he revealed his hopes and fears. He was in time supremely miserable. A dashing, whiskered-faced foreigner had frequently driven out Emily for a morning's ride; and once, as the handsome equipage whirled past him at the corner of the street, the high-spirited horse splashed poor H—— from head to foot. He wiped off the mud from his best suit of black, and saw at once the utter nothingness of his pretensions.

At this moment, a little three-cornered note, containing some few lines written in a small crow-quill hand, on paper of exquisite texture, delicately tinted and perfumed, and looking altogether more like an embodied sigh from Paphos than a letter upon business, was put into his hands.

Mr. W—— respectfully requests Mr. H—— to favor her with a call to-morrow morning at any hour most convenient to himself, to make arrangements respecting Miss Emily W——'s portrait.'

Charles absolutely jumped over his easel! Here was the long-wished for introduction! He was to paint the likeness of his love — to sit close to her, and have authority to gaze upon her beauty—to peep into the soft corners of her dear blue eyes—to catch the balmy sweetness of her breath! Gods! what a picture it should be!

After a sleepless night, he dressed himself to the best advantage, and tied his white cravat some half dozen times, (it was before the universality of black stocks) till he had formed a bow, which, like his charmer, he thought was perfectly faultless. He placed himself at the window to watch the usual natinal advent of his love. She came—their eyes met—and she—blushed.

Poor H——! *It was the first of April!* His cold hearted *friend* had taken advantage of his generous confidence, and most rascally had hoaxed him. To make the confusion more complete, the scoundrel had addressed a note to Mrs. W——, and in the name of the unfortunate artist had requested an interview, on affairs of the greatest delicacy *respecting her daughter's happiness!*

Mrs. W—— received Charles with all civility, The weather and other usual nothings were soon despatched; an alarming pause ensued, when the old lady requested a knowledge of his communication. H—— was in agonies, and stammered out something about the portrait, Mrs. W—— stared—the notes were produced, and the hoax discovered. The old lady pitied the artist's distress, and as the burning flashes of mortification and shame suffused his handsome countenance, and his eye lighted up at the thought of the degrading situation in which he was placed, she kindly endeavored to soothe his agitation; complimented him upon his filial attention, and insisted on an immediate introduction to his worthy and respectable mamma. What need of words? Charles did paint the portrait of his Emily; the smothered flame of her love did not evaporate in smoke, but burnt clear and full, famed by his vows, and cherished by the warmth of his affection. The traveller soon received his congee, and Mrs. W——, who studied her daughter's happiness alone, sensibly considered her wealth as a counterpoise to his poverty, and consented to their union.

On the Wedding day, Charles gave his bride a sketch he had made of her charms, from his third-floor glances; it was pronounced an admirable likeness. In less than a year, the lovely Emily returned the compliment, and presented her young artist with a miniature resemblance of himself.

April 1st.—Opened my eyes at day-break; remembered it was the first of April; determined to be brisk, and, as far as I was concerned, that it should indeed be All Fool's Day. Woke wife, after lots of jogging; told her the nursery maid was knocking at the door, with the infant, very poorly. Chuckled, when I saw her jump out of the bed and unbolt the door. "Why, Peter, there is nobody here!" Called her an April fool, and laughed like fun. Wife very indignant, and very eloquent—put me in mind of locomotive letting off spare steam. In the torrent of her passion, she poured contents of water bottle over me, and thus empted the phials of her wrath. Cold *pig* a dead *bore*; a *wet* before breakfast very different to a *whet* before dinner. Went down stairs. Sent Sam the porter over to Messrs. Gripe, Pinch, and Twist, the chymists, for two pounds of subclavian syncopes. and an ounce of didactics. Grinned egregiously when I saw him hooted from the shop.

Sneaked into kitchen, filled the pepper castor with gunpowder, and placed a cartridge in the coal scuttle. Ordered cook to keep up a good fire, and devil me a beefbone for breakfast. Determined that wife should see that other people could *blow up* as well as herself. Went up stairs, and waited for row. Cook peppered the bone when it was on the gridiron, and frightened at fizgigs, dropped castor into fire. Both went off together—castor into atoms, cook into hysterics. Sam the porter, who was toasting his bread and butter, that he might have a *dejeune a la fourchette*, said she was "narvish," and popped on a few coals to make up the fire. Grand explosion: last scene of Miller and his Men. Boiler blown up, scalding cat and three kittens, who jumped about, giving fine specimens of animal magnetism. Sam porter, with a live coal in his eye, dancing about, blind with rage, cleared the shelves of the crockery with his toasting-fork; and coming to anchor in a large block-tin dish cover, sat down to swear. Never laughed so much in all my life.

Breakfast.—Wife looking the dagger scene in Macbeth. Knew she would spoil sport, so wanted to get her out for the day. Regretted that business would prevent my going to Blackheath to see sham fight between the native corps of Essequibo Indians, which had just arrived, and the East India Fencible Regiment of Horse Marines. All the world and his wife would be there. Mrs. Podger suddenly remembered she had promised mother to visit her on this very day. (Mem. Mrs. Dowager Podger lives on the heath.) Told wife I could not spare her; did this to make sure of her going. Heard her send to book two places in Greenwich stage. In half an hour she was off, taking Sally with her to carry clogs and umbrella, because it looked like rain. Applauded my dexterity; determined to be very jolly and excruciatingly happy.

Shop.—Sam porter with eye tied up looking as savage as a Cyclops. Offered to bet Dick the shopman a crown to a shilling that I had some butter in the house worth twenty shillings a pound. He took the bet; unperceived by him, I shoved a sovereign into top lump, and chuckled at contemplated cheat. Told him I must go into counting-house to consult invoice. Came back in five minutes; looking prodigiously knowing. Made Dick stake money for bet, told him what I had done, and tittered tremendously. Went to counter to point out the golden lump —could not find it. Dick told me, with frontispiece as long as a tea-tray, that he and just sold the top lump to a stranger, a shabby man in a long coat, and rather in a hurry, he had doubtless, through window, observed me pop yellow boy in butter. Elongated my chops. Heard Sam porter giggle, and Dick, pocketing my crown, said something about the day of the month.

Meant to be more sharp—went over to toy shop, and bought a painted marble peach. Called that red-headed ruffian, young Cox, into shop; hated him ever since he made me a fool last April; told him he was a good boy, and there was a foreign peach for him, from the garden of the Hesperides, near the North Pole. Watched him home, quite delighted. Heard blind man ask his way to Forestreet—directed him up Blind-alley opposite. Knew he could not read 'No Thoroughfare,' stuck up at end. Saw him poking at all the door ways with his stick; shouted out '*April Fool!*' and ran home.

Dreadful smash up stairs. Old Cox had pitched the peach through drawing room window, breaking large mirror, and *recochetting* on to table, smashed fancy porcelain inkstand and globe to sinumbra lamp. Fragments of mirror played the devil with chimney ornaments; Danæ smothered in shower of quicksilver—Fighting Gladiator knocked head off Venus couchant, and floored some half dozen hyacinth glasses, which, on cheffonier splashed and spoiled daughter Lizzy's new album ornee (cost three guineas) lying open that the writing might dry of Mr. Allessandro Julius Jinks's autograph elegy on a dead canary bird. Picked up peach; label tied to it with these words—'The *Fruits* of foolery, with Mr. Cox's compliments.' D——d his impudence, and ran down stairs, determined upon instant vengeance. Saw Cox up street with great stick: looked at his broad shoulders, and backed out. Wont I give it him next April!

Determined to be more cautious. Took another look at my *peach blossoms;* found some gilt whist counters or markers amazingly like sovereigns. Called in little Levi, from clothes-shop at corner; showed him a whist marker, wrapped it up in paper, told him it was a new sovereign—that he might buy little Rachel a doll, a drum for his dear little brother Manassah, (squinting beast,) and keep change for a book for himself. He ducked and grinned, like an epileptic monkey, and went on his way rejoicing. Thought I should have died! Said nothing to shopmen, because I wanted to catch Dick in revenge for the butter business. Wrapped up another whist marker in paper, and sent dick to bankers' to get it changed for a country note, which I wanted to send away. Saw him set off on his fool's errand, and felt really happy.

Had some wine mulled, drank half a glass, and unperceived, filled up tumbler with brandy: gave it to cook to make peace. Told her to drink it up at once; it was only elder wine, and would do her good. Curtisied, and did as bid. She could not breathe for minutes, and tears came in her eyes. Laughed till they came in mine.

Went out to try my luck. Bargained with five hackney coachmen to take the parish officers and gentlemen of the vestry to a dinner at Norwood and back —agreed for ten shillings each, and refreshment, and told them to be at vestry room door at two o'clock. Shall see them waiting out of my window. What a laugh we shall have!

Asked an orange woman for a ripe cosmopolitan; said she had not any—called her an April fool, and walked on. Chuckled—heard thunder growls in Irish behind me: flash of lightning came soon after thunder, as Irish lightning should do. Nice pancake of mud slap on left cheek, covering cravat and waistcoat with the fritters; peeped round with the eye that was not bunged up; saw second edition in a forward state. Bolted. Thought the joke was not so good as it might have been.

Went into coffee-house to refresh; wiped clean, turned cravat, and buttoned up coat. Singing sensation in left ear. Asked waiter for a glass of pimento; he went to bar and inquired for it. Master's compliments, and he did not know the wine. Afraid to say what I thought. Observed back door into bye-street; went out front way—hailed omnibus, and asked driver to wait five minutes for three gentlemen going to Paddington. He pulled up, I popped in coffee-house, and popped out back door.

Saw seven fire engines about my house, with twenty police-men, and many other dangerous characters. Strange constable would not allow me to enter my own house, and said I looked like a thief. Called Sam porter as a witness to my identity. Sam pointed to his burnt eye, and swore he did not know me. Gave a crown to get by. Found the brandy had made cook drunk, and she had set the place on fire. All out and over. Wanted to turn the joke on firemen; said it was the first of April: tried to get up a langh, but failed. Foremen of firemen showed the marks of flame, and got warm; demanded nine pounds, fifteen shillings, as expenses.* Obliged to pay. Got rid of them, and opened shop again. Found mob, ever willing to assist, had stolen a bag of Carolina rice, three loaves of fourteen-penny lump, and a tub of mustard. Dick was gone on a fool's errand, and of course could not watch the property. Rather glad of my fun. Looked into till to see if it was all right; saw one of the whist markers in the gold drawer; found little Levi had come in while I was out, and asked change for the sovereign that Mr. Podger had so kindly given him in the morning. Youngest apprentice counted out the silver directly, thinking it all right. Did not laugh much this time. Looked out at shop door, trying to hum 'Begone dull care!' a friend asked me if indigo had fallen, I looked so blue. Saw the three interesting Levi's with my *presents* in their hands; thought of that worthy fellow, Herod, and longed for another massacre of the innocents.

Two o'clock.—Row at vestry room door; all the hackney coachmen in full feather. Pipps, the vestry clerk, and Snump, the beadle, in great agitation. I began to laugh again, when, just as the hubbub reached an interesting climax, saw Cox point me out to coachmen. Removal of row to my own door; identified, and forced to pay them five shillings each as a compromise.

Wondered on which side of my mouth I should laugh next. Sat down to think seriously of something funny. Saw Dick come in with banker's clerk and police officer: he had offered whist markers at the banker's, and they had given him in custody on a charge of *shashing* (passing bad money.) Cost me two more sovereigns to get rid of this.

No dinner to be had—cook drunk abed, and kitchen full of soot and water. Cold beef from eating house—melancholy meal—every body looking knives and forks at me. Put shop to rights. Wife came home, draggle-tailed and disappointed. Gave me a congreve rocket sort of glance, and flounced up stairs. Dared not face her; went to tavern, and got tipsey. Slept all night upon steps of door—neither wife, porter, prentices, nor cook would get up to let me in. Rheumatism for weeks in hips, hands, and head.

Mem. Do not think much of my day's amusement this year. N. B.

[Knickerbocker for April.

*In London the first three engines that arrive at a fire are paid certain rewards, in proper ratio, which the housekeeper is compelled to reimburse, whether insured or otherwise.

MY FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

[The reader will doubtless recollect many of the extraordinary incidents which occurred in the life of Mr. Wauch, the Scotch tailor—and among them perhaps none with greater distinctness than the story of his only visit to a theatrical exhibition—which will bear a second reading. Mansie had just finished a jovial dinner in company with a friend from the country, at the house of his neighbor, Mrs. Grassie—when he learned that a company of strolling play-actors had arrived in Dalkeith, "with a whole cartful of scenery and grand dresses; and were to make an exhibition at 7 o'clock, at the ransom of a shilling a-head, in Laird Wheatly's barn." He proceeds to recount the event as follows]—

Many a time and often had I heard of play-acting; and of players making themselves kings and queens, and saying a great many wonderful things: but I never before had an opportunity of making myself a witness to the truth of these hearsays. So Maister Glen, being as full of nonsense, and as fain to have his curiosity gratified as myself, we took upon us the stout resolution to go out together, he offering to treat me; and I determined to run the risk of Maister Wiggie, our minister's rebuke, for the transgression, hoping it would make no lasting impression on his mind, being for the first and only time. Folks should not on all occasions be over scrupulous.

After paying our money at the door, never, while I live and breathe, will I forget what we saw and heard that night; it just looks to me, by all the world, when I think on it, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to see; Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in before we found a seat, and they behind were obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the forehand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a good deal the worse of the wear, having seen service through two or three summers; and, just in the front of it, were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like, when they come on the stage—and even before they come on the stage, for the curtain being scrimpit in length, we saw legs and feet moving behind the scenes very neatly; while two blind fiddlers they had brought with them, played the bonniest ye ever heard. 'Od, the very music was worth a sixpence of itself.

The place as I said before, was choke-full, just to excess; so that one could scarcely breathe. Indeed I never saw any part so crowded, not even at a tent preaching, when Mr. Roarer was giving his discourses on the building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbor and me fanning our red faces with our hats, to keep us cool; and, though all were half stewed, we had the worst of it, the toddy we had taken having fermented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time the two blind fiddlers were playing the Downfall of Paris, a hand-bell rang, and up goes the great curtain; being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed with the tail of my ee, by a birkie at the side, that had hold of a rope. So, on the music stopping and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman at his leasure, well powdered with an old fashioned coat on, waistcoat with flap-pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knee, and silk stocks with red gushats on a blue ground. I never saw a man in such distress; he stamped about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers of heaven and earth to help him to find out his runaway daughter, that had decamped with some ne'er-do-well loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms from her bed-room window, up two pair of stairs.

Every father and head of a family must have felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbed of his dear bairn, and his only daughter too, as he told us over and over again, as the salt tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket napkin. But, ye ken, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should know anything about the matter, having never seen either him or his daughter between the een before, and not kenning them by headmark; so, though we sympathized with him, as folks ought to do with a fellow creature in affliction, we thought it best to hold our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he went stamping at the other side determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end, Johnny Groat's House, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and almost before ye could cry Jack Robinson, in comes the birkie and the very young lady the old gentleman described, arm-and-arm together, smoodging and laughing like a daft. Dog on it! it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folks, he put his arm round her waist, and called her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and every thing that is fine. If they had been courting in a close together on a Friday night, they could not have said more to one another, or gone greater lengths. I thought it such shame to be an eye-witness to sic on-goings, that I was obliged at last to hold up my hat before my face, and look down; though, for all that, the young lad to be such a blackguard as his conducted showed, was well enough faured, and had a good coat to his back, with double gilt buttons, and fashionable lappels, to say little of a very well pair of buckskins, a little the worse of the wear to be sure, but which, if they had been well cleaned would looked almost as good as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but, from his having spurs on his boots, it is more than likely that they had lighted at the back door of the barn from a horse, she riding on a pad behind him maybe, with her hand round his waist.

The father looked to be a rich old fool, both from his manner of speaking, and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the spulizie, it would not be a great deal a thousand pounds when divided, still it was worth the looking after; so we just bidit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, howsoever, sooner than either themselves, I dare say, or any body else present, seemed to have the least glimpse of; for, just in the middle of their fine goings-on, the sound of a coming foot was heard, and the lassie, taking guilt to her, cried out, "Hide me, hide me, for the sake of goodness, for yonder comes my old father!"

No sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep in a moment. The old father came bouncing in, and seeing the fellow as sound as a top, he ran forward and gied him such a shake, as if he would have shooken him all sundry; which soon made him open his een as fast as he had steeked them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and calling him every name but a gentleman, he held his staff over his crown, and gripping him by the cuff of the neck, asked him what he had made of his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see such brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say at once, that he had not seen word or wittens of the lassie for a month, though more than a hundred folk sitting in his company had seen him daunting her with his arm round her jimpy waist, not five minutes before. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I aye hated lying, as a poor cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the ten commandments; and I found my nei'bour, Mr. Glen, fidgetting on the seat as well as me; so I thought, that whoever spoke first, would have the best right to be entitled to the reward; whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth saying, "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman—dinna believe, friend; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! it's no worth arguing, or calling witnesses; just open that press-door, and ye'll see waether I'm speaking truth or not."

The old man started, and looked dumfoundeed; and the young man, instead of running forward with his double nieves to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, begun a laughing, as if I had done him a good turn. But never since I had a baing, did I ever witness such an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The whole house was so glad that the scoundrel had been exposed, that they set up siccan a roar of laughter, and thumped away at siccan a rate at the boards with their feet, that at long and last, with pushing and fidgetting, and holding their sides, down fell the place they call the gallery; all the folk in't being hurl'd topsy-turvy, head foremost among the saw-dast on the floor below; their guffawing soon being turned to howling, each one crying louder than another at the top note of their voices, "Murder! murder! I'm killed! I'm speechless!"—and other lamentations to that effect; so that a rush to the door took place, in which every thing was overturned—the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire—the forms stramped to pieces—the lights knocked out—and the two blind fiddlers dung head foremost over the stage, the bass fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Such tearing and swearing, and tumbling, and squeeling, was never witnessed in the memory of man, since the building of Babel; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, eyes knocked out and lives lost; there being only one door, and that a small one; so that, when we had been carried off our feet that length, my wind was fairly gone, and a sick dwalm came over me, lights of all manner of colors, red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me of common sense; till, on opening my eyes in the dark, I found myself leaning with my broadside against the wall on the opposite side of the closs. It was some time before I minded what had happened; so, dreading skaith, I found first the one arm, and then the other, to see if they were broken—syne my head—and syne both of my legs; but all, as well as I could discover, was skin-whole and scart-free. On perceiving this, my joy was without bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand, very thankfully, to take out my pocket-napkin, to give my brow a wipe, when, lo, and behold! the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly off and away, docked by the haunch buttons.

So much for plays and play-actors—the first and last, I trust in grace, that I shall ever see. But, indeed, I could expect no better after the warning that Maister Wiggie had more than once given us from the pulpit on the subject; so, instead of getting my grand reward for finding the old man's daughter, the whole convoy of them, no better than a set of swindlers, took leg-bail, and made that very night a moolight flitting; and Johnny Hammer, honest man, that had wrough from sunrise to sunset, for two days, fitting up their place by contract, instead of being well paid for his trouble, as he deserved, got nothing left him but a ruckle of his own good deals, dung alto shivers.

CONFLAGRATION AT NEW-YORK.

It gives us pleasure to see, by the London papers, that Mr. George Jones, whose liberal assistance of the Shakspearean Committee in preserving the Stratford monument we had some time ago to mention, has been exerting himself with success in creating an interest on the part of the citizens of London in the sufferers by the late calamitous fire at New-York. The Lord Mayor has, we observe, expressed his readiness to call a meeting for the purpose, and we understand that the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, in whom the distressed, as well as the oppressed of every country, have ever found a friend, is zealously interested in this design. There can, we fear, be no question that many individuals have been ruined by the late fire, and to whom the assistanre of our princely and ever-generous merchants will be most acceptable. But the Americans are an active, enterprising, independent people, more likely to struggle with and conquer difficulties than to look for help; and we think we understand the feelings of the citizens of New-York sufficiently to pronounce, that the manifestation of the sympathies of the English people will be even more acceptable to them than the pecuniary assistance they may receive. We trust they will be so manifested. Amidst the many signs of an improved feeling between nations, it is delightful to contrast the spectacle of our great country thus sending across the Atlantic her expressions of sorrow for the misfortunes of a city so important to America as New-York, with the recollection of the animosity so carefully fomented not more than half a century ago. Those who will take the trouble to turn to the journals of this country, during and for some time after the American war, will blush, in these better days, to read the terms in which the United States and their inhabitants were spoken of in every speech and publication, from King's speeches down to furious pamphlets. Happily such days are passed. The *People* have learned that war is only a source of misery: State-pretexts can no longer delude them; nor can the arts of satire and misrepresentation, and appeals to national prejudices, mislead them into the unchristian belief, long so carefully upheld by religious statesmen, that the people of any country upon earth were created to be the natural enemies of any other country. The interchange of arts, sciences, and literature, and mutual good offices, will in future form the largest portions of the page of history, and the records of inhuman wars be looked upon with equal wonder and disgust. We shall be glad to hear that the example of London is followed by some of the great provincial towns, which ought to join with the metropolis in the noble task of alleviating the distress brought on a city, the inhabitants of which are united with us by commerce, by language, and by descent. Leamington Journal.

Oseola, or Oscola, the Seminole Chief, is not the Native Apollo or Mars which some panegyrists represent him to be. Those who know him well say he is far from these. The Darien paper remarks: "He was never known to possess higher talents than being able to drive a hard bargain, and was known to be tricky and treacherous. He is much given to drink, and was once confined in Camp King with a chain, for giving insolence to some of the officers, while drinking. Some imaginary insult preys on his mind, perhaps from this circumstance. Charley O'mathla was security for Powell's good conduct at the very time he was slain by the latter. Some think here that the Indians will give up Oscola, and the murderers of Dalton the mail carrier, when they see the large force we can bring against them. Albany Daily.

☞ What is Congress doing? Nothing.
What is the Legislature doing? Helping Congress.

ATROCIOUS MURDER OF HELEN JEWETT.

One of the most cold blooded murders ever perpetrated in this city took place on Saturday night last at a house of ill fame in Thomas street. Since the awful and mysterious tragedy of GULIELMA SANDS, upon which Fay's novel of "Norman Leslie" is founded, no occurrence has taken place among us that has excited such universal horror and consternation. It is not to be wondered at that such an excitement should pervade the public mind in relation to this almost unparalleled atrocity. The high respectability of the family and connexions of the unfortunate young man who is charged with the aggravated crime; his heretofore exemplary and excellent character and conduct; his youth; the superior accomplishments, beauty, and attractions of the poor murdered girl, compared with those ordinarily possessed by the common herd of unfortunates; the deliberate, premeditated, ferocious character of the assassination; and the desperate means which were resorted to, to prevent exposure and detection; all combine to invest the catastrophe with an interest and a horror that have rarely, if ever, been connected with the occurrence of any homicide, however heart-rending and awful, in any country.

That our readers abroad may be in possession of the full details of this shocking affair, we extract from the daily papers the following facts.

From the Times of Monday.

Coroner's Inquest—Murder and Arson.—The Coroner was early yesterday morning called to view, at the house of Rosina Townsend alias Brown, No. 41 Thomas street, the body of Helen Jewett, a native of New England, aged 23 years, found dead at the above place. Verdict of the jury, that she came to her death by a blow on the head with a hatchet, inflicted by the hand of Richard P. Robinson.

The deceased, as appeared from the evidence adduced before the Coroner's jury, was a girl of ill fame, and the house of Townsend, of which she was an inmate, was one of the same character. Since the year 1834, she had been frequently visited by Robinson, a young man from the state of Maine, of highly respectable connexions and most excellent general character, a clerk in the store of Joseph Hoxie, Esq. and not yet twenty years of age. On Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock, as Townsend deposed, Robinson rapped at her street door, and she opening it, asked for the deceased, who was called out of the parlor by her; and he and Helen went together to her room. Nothing more was heard from either of them till about 11 o'clock, when Helen came partly down stairs in her night clothes, and calling to Townsend, desired her to bring a bottle of champagne up to her room. Townsend did so; and at that time Robinson was undressed and in bed. She left the wine, and neither Helen nor Robinson were seen again by any in the house, before it was closed for the night, which was about 12 o'clock.

Near 3 o'clock in the morning, Townsend was aroused by a knocking at her street door, and on looking out of her window, found the person at the door to be a young man who was in the habit of visiting one of her boarders; and she accordingly arose and let him in. In doing this she was surprised by finding in her front parlor a lamp burning, which, as she had but one other like it, she knew belonged to Helen, or to the girl occupying the adjoining room. She took the lamp up stairs, and first applying at the door adjoining Hellen's, found it locked. She then opened the door of Helen's room; and when she did so, a large body of dense smoke instantly burst out, and nearly suffocated her. She instantly raised an alarm throughout the house, that the house was on fire, and watchmen were also called in to their assistance. The watchmen, on proceeding up stairs to the burning room, and opening the doors and windows to suffer the smoke to escape, found Helen lying on her left side dead, and her right side burned almost to a crisp. All the beds and bedding, except some immediately under her body, were also burned to ashes; but the fire, owing to the closeness of the room, had been smothered by the smoke and had not advanced to a flame, and was easily extinguished.

It was not suspected at first but that Helen had been burned or suffocated to death; but one of the watchmen, on more closely inspecting her corpse, found a large and deep cut on the right side of her head, a little above the temple, about three inches in length, completely through the skull, and extending into the brain; the infliction of which, it was judged from the position in which Helen was found, she did not for a moment survive. The part of the bed under her, not consumed, was also found to be saturated with blood. Intelligence of this horrid affair was instantly sent to the coroner, and previous to his arrival a hatchet, with a string attached to its handle, and the blade and handle much blooded, was found in the yard of the house, and in the second yard from it was found an elegant black cloth cloak, to one of the tassels of which was tied a string, corresponding exactly, in size and appearance, with the string attached to the hatchet. The reasonable conclusion was that, owing to the alarm and perturbation which overcame him in making his escape, Robinson dropped his hatchet, which, it would seem, he brought with him to the house for the express purpose of using it thus savagely, and his cloak, in different places, without, perhaps, being at all aware of his losing either of them.

The Coroner, on arriving, and being informed of what is above stated, sent for officer Brink, whom he despatched in search of Robinson. The officer found the unfortunate young man in bed with his room-mate, and apparently asleep, at his boarding-house, in Dey-street, and informing him of his arrest, Robinson calmly got up and dressed himself, and accompanied the officer to the scene of this horrid tragedy. He appeared no more affected by the horrid spectacle which there presented itself, than if he had neither lot nor part in the matter, and boldly declared that he was wholly innocent of the murder of the unfortunate girl, and ignorant of how or by whom it was perpetrated. He was, however, committed by the Coroner to prison, to await the investigation of the melancholy deed in which he is so unfortunately so deeply implicated.

Amongst the witnesses examined by the Coroner, was Robinson's room mate, who deposed that he went to bed about nine o'clock, and fell asleep, and that waking up in the course of the night, he found Robinson in bed. He asked Robinson how long he had been home, and was told by him that he came home about half-past eleven. The cloak found was not identified as belonging to Robinson, nor as the one he wore on the preceding night; but on being shown to his room-mate the latter, with much agitation acknowledged that he knew the cloak, and had seen Robinson wear it.

Whilst Robinson was dressing himself, Mr. Brink noticed that the seat and one side of his pantaloons were much covered with whitewash; and on examination it proved that one side of one of the fences he must have climbed before dropping his cloak, was whitewashed. It is a source of very great regret, that the proofs against young Robinson as the perpetrator of this, one of the most cold-blooded and cruel murders and arsons ever perpetrated in this city, are so fearfully and conclusively strong as to warrant the direct charge by a coroner's jury, and not even leave a loop to hang a doubt upon, that it was the work of his hand. The deceased was a woman of extraordinary beauty, intelligence, and accomplishments, for one in her sphere of life, and is represented to have been uncommonly high-minded and spirited.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

From the Morning Herald of Monday.

VISIT TO THE SCENE.—Yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, the sun broke out for a moment in splendor. I started on a visit to the scene at 41 Thomas-st. On passing through Chapel street, I came to the corner of Thomas street, which runs west from behind the Hospital yard to Hudson street. A large crowd of young men stood around the door, No. 41, and several groups along the streets in various directions. The excitement among the young men throughout the city was beginning to spread in all directions.

The house is a large four story elegant double one, painted yellow, and on the left hand side as you go to Hudson street. It is said to be one of the most splendid establishments devoted to infamous intercourse that the city can shew. I knocked at the door. A Police Officer opened it stealthily. I told him who I was. "Mr. Bennett, you can enter," said he, with great politeness. The crowds rushed from behind, seeing also an entrance.

"No more comes in," said the Police Officer.

"Why do you let that man in?" asked one of the crowd.

"He is an editor—he is on public duty."

I entered—pressed forward to the sitting room or parlor. There I found another Police officer in charge of that apartment. The old lady of the house (Mrs. Townsend) was sitting on a sofa, talking to several young men, in a great state of excitement. She was describing what Ellen had said—how she discovered the fire—how she made an alarm—how she called for the watch—The room was elegantly furnished with mirrors, splendid paintings, sofas, ottomans, and every variety of costly furniture. The Police officer., when he saw me, said—"Mr. B., would you like to see the *place?*"

"I would," replied I.

He immediately rose—I followed him. We mounted an elegant staircase—dark and gloomy, being in the centre of a large double house. On reaching the second story, the Police officer took a key from his pocket, and opened the door. What a sight burst upon me! There stood an elegant double mahogany bed, all covered with burnt pieces of linen, blankets, pillows, black as cinders. I looked around for the object of my curiosity. On the carpet I saw a piece of linen covering something as if carelessly flung over it.

"Here," said the Police officer, "here is the poor creature."

He half uncovered the ghastly corpse. I could scarcely look at it for a second or two. Slowly I began to discover the lineaments of the corpse as one would the beauties of a statue of marble. It was the most remarkable sight I ever beheld—I never have, and never expect to see such another. "My God," exclaimed I, "how like a statue! I can scarcely conceive that form to be a corpse." Not a vein was to be seen. The body looked as white—as full, as polished as the purest Parian marble. The perfect figure—the exquisite limbs—the fine face—the full arms—the beautiful bust—all—all surpassed in every respect the Venus de Medicis according to the casts generally given of her.

"See," said the Police officer, "she has assumed that appearance within an hour."

It was the first process of dust returning to dust. The countenance was calm and passionless. Not the slightest appearance of emotion was there. One arm lay over her bosom—the other was inverted and hanging over her head. The left side down to the waist, where the fire had touched, was bronzed like an antique statue. For a few moments I was lost in admiration at this extraordinary sight—a beautiful female corpse—that surpassed the finest statue of antiquity. I was recalled to her horrid destiny by seeing the dreadful bloody gashes on the right temple, which must have caused instantaneous dissolution.

I then looked round the room. It was elegant, but wild and extravagant in its ornaments. On the drawers was a small library, composed of light novels, poetry and monthly periodicals. There hung on the wall a beautiful print of Lord Byron as the presiding genius of the place. The books were Byron, Scott, Bulwer's works, and the Knickerbocker.

A work table in a state of disorder, stood near by. It was covered with fragments, pen, ink, paper, crayons, &c. &c. Above the mantel piece hung several theatrical fancy sketches.

I returned to take a last look at the corpse. What a melancholy sight for beauty, wit, and talent, for it is said she possessed all, to come to such a fatal end!

I came down stairs—the house looked dark and gloomy, all the windows being half shut—but it was throughout splendidly furnished.

Such is the scene as it was seen yesterday afternoon.

This extraordinary murder has caused a sensation in this city never before felt or known. I understand that a large number of fashionable young men, clerks and others, were caught in the various apartments by the Police, when the cry of fire was given. *It was Saturday night.* The murdered girl was one of the most beautiful of her degraded *caste.* She was a perfect Millwood. She had seduced by her beauty and blandishments more young men than any known in the police records. She was a remarkable character, and has come to a remarkable end. The house is in danger from the mob. Let the authorities look to it. A morbid excitement pervades the city. It is said that she threatened to expose Robinson, when she lived, having discovered that he was paying attention to a respectable young lady. This threat drove him to madness. On Saturday she walked up and down Broadway half the day, nodding to her acquaintances among the dissipated young men.

From the Herald of Tuesday.

OTHER ACCOUNTS.—The accounts which crowd in to us from all quarters, of the birth and parentage of the "remarkable creature," would confuse any ordinary mortal. Like Homer, her birth place is claimed by natives of several countries. The English protest she is a native of Birmingham, and came to this country young, like the daughter of Miss Foote by Mrs. M'Dermot. She was adopted then by Judge Western of Maine. Her original English name is Maria E. Benson. She came to New-York eight years ago and first resided at Madame Post's hotel in Howard Street—then at the Laurence House in Chapel st.,—then at Madame Berry's Boarding Establishment, Duane street. She was born on the 13th March, 1813, and was 23 years of age and a few days when her awful murder took place.

During her residence here, she carried on an extensive country correspondence with every part of the Union. We learn from the Post-Office that during last summer she generally received from three to eight letters a day. Her postage bill exceeded that of several brokers in Wall-street. Her private correspondence is of a most remarkable character—resembling that of the famous Abelard and Eloisa. We are promised a choice selection from this correspondence, which are characterized by great talent, power, pathos and brilliancy.

Yesterday she was buried decently and privately, between 10 and 11 o'clock, at St. John's burying ground. A great crowd was collected all day in Thomas street. An immense excitement prevails. It is said by the friends of Robinson, that he can prove an *alibi* and that he is innocent. Ogden Hoffman is his counsel. *Nous Verrons.* He will be examined privately to-day in the Police office at 2 o'clock. He will be taken to the Police office in a carriage from the Bridewell. The Justices have agreed to exclude all reporters—and all the public. It is to be made a Holy Inquisition affair. The murder of a woman of bad character, would, in some quarters, be set down as nothing. We, man—unprincipled, heartless man—the lord of creation, and so forth—first ruin—and then cast frail woman from us, "like a loathesome weed away." There is some mysterious juggle going on. Look to it—look to it.

FURTHER DETAILS.—Her private history is most remarkable—her character equally so. She is a native of Augusta in the state of Maine, and her real name is *Dorcas Dorrance*, (query, *Maria E. Benson,*) but in this city she has generally passed under the name of Helen Jewett—in Boston as Helen Mar. She was an orphan—her father and mother, poor people, having died while she was in her infancy. In Augusta, Maine, lived a highly respectable gentleman, Judge Western, by name. Some of the female members of his family pitying the bereaved condition of young Dorcas invited her to live at the Judge's house. At that time Dorcas was young, beautiful, innocent, modest, and ingenuous. Her good qualities and sprightly temper won the good feelings of the Judge's family. She became a *chere-amie* of his daughter's—a companion and a playmate.

At an early age, and just as her mind was building, she was sent to a Female Academy, at Coney, we believe it is called, over the Kennebeck river. At school her intellectual powers shone forth with great and remarkable brilliancy—but not more so than her form, appearance, and looks. She was the pride of her teachers—she was beloved of her school mates—she was obliging, good tempered intellectual and refined.

After having continued at the Academy for some time, Dorcas, during the summer of 1829, went to spend the vacation at a distant relative's at Norridgewock, a town on Kennebeck river, about twenty-eight miles above Augusta. Dorcas was then 16 years of age—and one of the most lovely, interesting, black eyed girls that ever appeared in that place. In intellectual accomplishments, particularly the art of conversation, interspersed with brilliant wit and repartee, she was unsurpassed. Yet even at this young age, she occasionally gave indications of a wild, imaginative mind—without fixed principles—or a knowledge of the true point of honor in morals. Her passions began to control her life. Her education only gave additional power to her fascinations.

In this town, in the course of visiting, she became acquainted with a young man, by the name of H—— Sp——y, a fine youth, elegant and educated, since said to be a Cashier of one of the banks in Augusta. After all acquaintance with him, all was gone that constitutes the honor and ornament of the female character. She returned after a short season to Augusta. Her situation soon became known in the Judge's family. A quarrel ensued. She left her protector, after having, in a moment of passion, lost all the rules of virtue and morality.

After having removed from her first lapse from the paths of virtue, she retreated to Portland, took the name of Maria E. Benson, and became a regular Aspasia among the young men, lawyers and merchants. In this town, she gave out that her family name was Benson, and that she had several connections of that name at a short distance.

Her life at Portland was rather experimental. She was quite young, and retained some traces of modesty. Falling into a difficulty there, she took an opportunity one morning, and came to Boston. Here she assumed the name of Helen Mar, from a popular character in one of the young ladies' novels. She lived in Boston about a year and a half, and left that city in company with a distinguished man for New-York.

In this city she took the name of Helen Jewett, and has lived at several houses round town. During the last winter she resided with a Kentuckian in a disguise for several weeks at one of the fashionable hotels. Her way of life in New-York has corresponded with the terrible state of society in this city. At such fashionable houses, young men, married and single and all, meet together in the evening, spend their time and their money—exhaust their treasures and their sensibilities and break down every moral tie that hitherto has kept the elements of social intercourse together.

The house, No. 41 Thomas street, is occupied by Rosina Townsend, but this is not her real name. She is recently from Cincinnati, and is one of the most dashing in her infamous line of life.

Helen Jewett was well known to every pedestrian in Broadway. Last summer she was famous for parading Wall-street in an elegant green dress, and generally with a letter in her hand. She used to look at the brokers with great boldness of demeanor—had a peculiar walk—something in the style of an English woman. From those who have known her, we have been informed that she was a fascinating woman in conversation, full of intellect and refinement, but at the same time possessed of a very devil, and a species of mortal antipathy to the male race. Her great passion was to seduce young men, and particularly those who most resisted her charms. She seems to have declared war against the sex. "Oh!" she would say, "how I despise you all—you are a heartless, unprincipled set—you have ruined me—I'll ruin you—I delight in your ruin."

Her great intellectual passion was for reading the poems of Byron, and particularly Don Juan, which, however, has no doubt, produced more wretchedness in the world, than all the other moral writers of the age can check. With a happier destiny—and a steady moral principle, this young woman had talents calculated for the highest sphere of life. We know of no private circumstance that has caused such a sensation in our city as the recent transaction. It is the whole topic of conversation wherever one goes.

From the Transcript of Tuesday.

Since the publication of yesterday, we have not been informed of any additional important particulars in relation to the murder, except that the axe with which the fatal blows were undoubtedly struck, and which was found in the rear of Mrs. Townsend's house, has been positively identified as belonging to Mr. Hoxie (the prisoner's late employer) by a young man named Richard Wells, a porter in the employ of the latter gentleman. This individual was called upon unexpectedly in reference to the weapon, and was not aware how seriously the bare fact of confessing a knowledge of it would be likely to militate against the unfortunate Robinson, whom he greatly esteemed and loved. No sooner had he proved the identity of the hatchet, than he was conscious of the consequences of his testimony, and he wept like a child.

In a police report published in this paper (the Transcript) on the 30th of June, 1834, we find a statement in relation to the murdered girl which, at the present time, will be read with much interest.

The following is the article referred to:—

Fruits of Seduction.—A very genteel and pretty young girl, named Helen Jewett, came before the magistrate a day or two since, to lodge a complaint against a young man, named ——, (son of the gentleman of that name, who is connected with the firm of —— & ——, Pearl street) for abusing her in the Park theatre, on Thursday night. She stated that as she was ascending the stairs leading to the second tier, she dropt, by accident, a $10 bill, and, while looking for the same, she was rudely accosted by Mr. ——, and on her requesting him to desist, he abused her, and then taking his friend's arm, they ran down stairs, laughing at what they, no doubt, considered very gentlemanly conduct. An affidavit of the facts were taken, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of Mr. ——, who will have to appear at the Sessions, to answer the charge.

In order to convince our readers of the misery resulting from the villainous artifices of those whose sole aim in life, seems to be the seduction of a young and innocent girl, and then, abandon her to the sneers and insults of the heartless, and despicable; we will give a brief sketch of the history of this young girl:—She was born in Massachusetts, and losing her parents at an early age, was placed in a boarding school, a few miles from Boston, at which place, she was first seen by the son of a respectable merchant in Boston, who used to visit the establishment; he first engaged her affections, then seduced her, and afterwards prevailed upon her to elope with him to Boston, where he kept her concealed for some time, before she was discovered by her friends; when, at last, her retreat was ascertained by her guardian, he proceeded thither, and on his knees entreated her to return to his protection. and abandon the society of her heartless seducer. She yielded to this request, and legal proceedings were immediately instituted against the betrayer of her innocence; the circumstances attending the seduction and elopement, evinced such a total want of every thing like an honorable disposition on his part, that he was shunned and despised by most of his former friends and acquaintances; to avoid the impending storm, which he saw would soon burst with ten-fold violence on his head, he fled from Boston, few knew whither, and has, we believe, never since returned. His unfortunate victim, although kindly treated by her guardian, was but too soon aware, that to regain her former standing in society, was impossible; and in order to escape from scenes, that only served to remind her, with a soul-harrowing power, of what she was, and what she had been, she came to New York, alone, and unprotected. Could her betrayer now see the once fascinating and once innocent inmate of the boarding school from which he seduced her, reduced to the condition we have described, he would, if human, need no further punishment than the remorse which would then knaw his inmost soul.

RADICAL LEGISLATORS.

ST. PANCRAS PAROCHIAL COMMITTEES.

There are four Radical Pot-house Parochial Committees in St. Pancras, the members of which take upon themselves to dictate to the Vestry; and indeed most of the objectionable proceedings of the latter have been introduced at the direction of the former.

COLVILLE COURT COMMITTEE.

Mr. L——, master chimney-sweep, and one of the leading members of the Committee, a little shrivelled fellow, about four feet eight inches in height, wearing plush breeches and lace-up boots, his face always black—"I'm not, yer knows, one er yer fine speecherifying chaps, what makes black white (hear). I'm jist nor betterer than what I shud be, and I wishes every body else wor. I wishes to know why I shud wote fur this year pertition to Parlerment for a Consolerated Bill to jine all the Pawing Boards. What's Parliament to do with Sunt Paubridge? it's none er their property (cheer). I think we hought to have a Parlerment er own (hear, hear, and cries of "So we hought"); and we hought to put Muster Murphy at the head on it (loud cheers). We don't want nothin to do with the Parlerment, and I shan't wote for no Bill."

B——, a painter, sinister, hypocritical, and valuable member of the Committee—"So help me ——, I won't stand none of thes goins on (cheers). There was last Friday was a week, when we was critikising the conduct of the Vestry, there wasn't no less than eleven out of twenty-one on em, all Vestrymen, and they all woted agin us, and said they hacted right."

R——, a little shoemaker. Upon one occasion, when this industrious member was very busy, he actually brought his kit into the Committee-room, and alternately worked and talked—"The Vestry is our servants, and is aright to do what we tell em (cheers). Many's the good shilling as I've spent for em, I know; and never had nothing to drink, ber what I paid for myself. I mean to say, if they won't do as we tell em, we must git somebody else. Let em do the thing that's right, and then they'll git rispicted" (hear).

D—— a hawker—"Mr. Chairman, I am a Cheerman, one as does as he's told" (loud cheers).

QUEEN'S HEAD AND ARTICHOKE COMMITTEE.

Mr. V——, a spiteful, cadaverous-looking broker—"I moves that the old Tory beadles be's dismissed (cheers). I can prove that one on em received half-a-bull (half-a-crown) from a publican (cries of "Shame").

S——, a member that can neither read nor write—"One of the beadles told a chap as I knows, that he wished the old Serlect was back, cos they behaved better than the Reformers (loud groaning); and I seen another person speak to the old Tory clerk (renewed groaning). Wouldn't I —— get on em ——, wouldn't I?

EXMOUTH ARMS COMMITTEE.

S——, a plasterer—"What do we want with chuch trustees—not chuches neither (hear)? I never goes to no chuch as aint got no chimbly in it (laughter). I'd sooner set in Bill Smith's with a pipe of bacca and a drop of summut long, nor go to no chuch" (loud cheers).

W——, a blustering member—"I hope to see very shortly all the parsons set to hard work (cheers). I should like to see some on em at the stone-yard (loud laughter): the parsons on one side, and the Lords on the other (loud cheers).

Such are the men who govern the great parish of St. Pancras, and who form a considerable portion of *the pressure from without.* [London paper.

STELLA, A HEROINE.

Stella was, perhaps, guilty of more murders than those attributed to her eyes. The organs of destructiveness and combativeness are, I believe, not far asunder; and the same propensities, differently developed, may produce a Joan of Arc, or a Madame de Brinvilliers. Thus meditating, I exclaimed, like Archimedes, "I have found it!"—as I recalled to mind the only incident in Stella's life that could give the slighest color to the imputation,—one which has not, to my knowledge, been noticed by any of Swift's biographers, although communicated to the writer by indisputable authority.

When Mrs. Johnson (Swift's celebrated and unfortunate Stella) removed, by his advice and recommendation, with her friend Mrs. Dingley, to Ireland, these ladies took up their abode at Trim, a village near Laracor, the residence of Dr. Swift, whence they removed to his personage house at Laracor during the doctor's visits to London, but immediately vacated it on his return. It may be easily supposed that the deep solitude of the country parts of Ireland, was not very agreeable to two unprotected females, accustomed to the luxury and security of Moor Park, the seat of Sir William Temple; and accordingly we find the resolute Stella not unprepared to meet the exigencies of her present change of condition.

There having been frequent reports of robbery in the neighborhood, she provided herself with pistols with the use of which her lonely state made it necessary she should be acquainted. Shortly after those precautions had been taken, one night Stella, when about to step into bed, was alarmed by the appearance of an armed ruffian at the window, one of the gang that had been long lurking in the neighborhood.

> But Stella never learned the art,
> At proper times, to scream or start,

and she was to now reap the benefits of her habits of self control. Stealthily and fixedly his eye was applied to the pane, watching her every motion, and evidently waiting to effect his entrance when she should have retired to rest. Stella was perplexed, she knew not whether he might not have many more followers shrouded in the darkness. To alarm the house, was worse than useless. What could unprotected females do? Cautiously, therefore she avoided giving the least indication of her fearful discovery; and, as unconcernedly as she could, approached the bed near which her trusty pistol was deposited; then sinking down on her knees, she began her nightly orisons to that Being, whose peculiar watchfulness is over the destitute and afflicted. The ruffian seeing her thus engaged, had no idea that she was aware of his vicinity. The undaunted Stella, meanwhile, had managed, unperceived by him, to secure the pistol. Thus armed, she arose from her knees, returned to the window, and fired at the glass with deliberate aim. A fall, a groan, a shout, and a muttered curse followad—all was over for that eventful night. Next morning, blood was to be tracked to a considerable distance. The intended robber, perhaps marderer, had evidently accomplices who had borne him off; but although an inquiry was instituted, his ultimate fate remained uncertain.

Thus did Stella, by her presence of mind, courage, and collectedness, probably preserve the life of her more helpless female friend and her own. But whether she was most indebted for the qualities to the lessons of her "beloved preceptor," or to the "bumb of distructiveness," developed among the organs of her skull, I leave it to greater philosophers than myself to determine.

MISS MARTINEAU.—The Boston Post states that this lady, having finished her book of travels in this country, will leave in June next. Those people who have paid court to her with the hope that she would put their uames in print, we hope will be more successful than were they who fawned round Basil Hall fo the same purpose.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1836.

THE CAPTURE OF BEXAR.

We have not been indifferent spectators of the progress of events in Texas, or insensible to the importance of the struggle now in progress there, although we have refrained till now from any remark upon them. The recent capture of the Alamo of Bexar by the Mexicans, and the merciless butchery of its Spartan-minded garrison, seem to us events likely to exert an immense influence upon the issue of that struggle.

The characteristic qualities of the combatants on either side are peculiarly displayed in the seige of Bexar. The ill-starred garrison, consisting of men of nerve, cool and intrepid in danger, and patient under suffering, and numbering less than a tithe of their assailants, resisted a whole horde of hungry, blood-thirsty, and revengeful Mexicans, for days and weeks. Nor could the mercenary veterans of SANTA ANNA, led on by himself and his dishonored son in law, the perjured Cos, succeed, till every one of that gallant little band of Texians had fallen, after having sold their lives for five times their own number of the enemy.

The conduct of the Mexicans, after storming and carrying the citadel, was peculiarly worthy of themselves, their military leaders, and the cause they fought for. The sick and wounded were in cold blood murdered in their beds; and, utterly lost to the sentiments which should actuate brave men toward an intrepid but fallen foe, the *very gallant* leader of the Mexicans caused the mangled remains of the garrison to be heaped together in a pile, like dogs, and there burned, to glut his vengeance.

We augur well from this ruthless massacre and more hideous consummation, for the cause of Texas. A spirit must be aroused in the bosoms of the hardy settlers of its fertile plains, that nothing can quell but the utter extermination of their cruel foe.

The brave though eccentric emigrant from Tennessee, the gallant Col. Crockett, fell in this siege, fighting like a lion. His loss must be felt in Texas, for he was eminently fitted to aid in achieving the independence of that country. But sooner or later a day of retribution will come, and the death of Crockett and Col. Travers, and the heroic band which he so heroically commanded, be amply revenged. We trust it may not be far distant.

"She was the lost and lovely !—her for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long."

The shocking tragedy enacted in Thomas street on Saturday night last, has been the pervading topic of conversation in city circles for the past week. The excitement of the Election and the melancholy news from Texas, have been swallowed up by the all engrossing theme. We have placed upon our 67th page the particulars of the "most foul and unnatural murder," to which we allude, which has created a sensation in this community that has seldom if ever been known. The youth and character of the actors in this bloody drama,—the unaccountable mystery interwoven in all its details, and the standing in society of their respective friends, have invested it with an interest here, that exceeds belief. "The slow, unmoving finger" of public opinion points at a young man under twenty years of age as the perpetrator of this diabolical crime of midnight assassination, under circumstances of such peculiar atrocity as mocks all parallel in our criminal records. He is now awaiting a trial for his life, still it is the duty of all to believe him innocent until proved guilty. And though that boon may be accorded to him, charged as he is by a coroner's jury with the wilful and deliberate murder of that ill-fated girl, yet the circumstantial testimony of his crime—the presumptive evidence of his guilt is so strong, so clear and so conclusive, as to leave no loop to hang a doubt upon.

A veil of mystery still envelops the name and parentage of the unfortunate victim of this shocking crime, though a thousand statements in relation to it have partial credence. She was a remarkable woman,—possessed of an intellect of no common order, a cultivated mind, and the mistress of all those graces and accomplishments which adorn [illegible] circle of society into which she might have been thrown, while her sense, her taste, and singular beauty, would have made her its pride and ornament. But hers was a fearful destiny, and fearfully has it been fulfilled. Even when fallen from her high estate—forsaken of her God and friends—and a wretched outcast from society, she still retained evidences of happier and better hours. Of "those whose evil stars had linked them with her" she could exclaim

> . . . . . "In the crowd,
> They cannot deem me one of such; I stand
> Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
> Of thoughts, which are not their thoughts."

The untimely end of this poor deluded girl should exercise, as it undoubtedly will, an influence that will long be felt upon public morals and the state of society. Let her sad end be a beacon to those who esteem lightly the restraints of society, of education, and of moral principle, for, as a contemporary remarks, "beauty and innocence—talent and accomplishments, such as are seldom commingled together, gave up its existence when the fatal axe penetrated the alabaster forehead of this unprotected, friend-forsaken girl." But had not, asks the writer, "had not our morals—our manners—our unprincipled male sex, first inflicted a more fatal blow upon her spotless and innocent soul when she first became the victim of seduction, and gave up in a moment of love and passion, the only ornaments and value of the female character?"

> "No farther seek her merits to disclose,
> Nor draw her frailties from their drear abode."

In conclusion we will premise that our readers shall be kept informed of the progress of the prisoner's trial. The public ought to pause before it permits itself to criminate a young man who has hitherto sustained an unblemished reputation, notwithstanding facts have been elicited since his arrest that are calculated greatly to strengthen the already strong circumstantial evidence of his guilt.

We are informed that a BALL will be given at Tammany Hall, on the evening of the 19th inst, for the Benefit of Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, the BLIND POET. We remember seeing a very unpretending volume of his about a year since, and were forcibly reminded by some of its better pieces, of the delicacy of sentiment and sweetness of versification for which the Songs of the lamented Tannahill are so generally admired. We trust that his countrymen will support him on the above occasion with their wonted liberality, for from what we have heard of the personal character of Mr. Graham, we are persuaded it could not be exercised in a better cause.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, THE LADIES COMPANION, THE LITERARY MESSENGER, &c. &c.

Such are the magazines which now cover our table and challenge a perusal. We have not the courage to face such a lot at once, but are gradually making advances towards a more perfect acquaintance. Some extracts in our columns are the most satisfactory evidence we know how to give of our estimation of them. Let each magazinist consider himself immortalized that moment an article of his is seen in the columns of the "*Spirit of the Times.*" No *selected* insipidity or prosing will ever find a place there.

By the way, let us remark how decidedly popular that species of light literature consisting of Magazines, is becoming. Would it really and seriously detract from their popularity, however, to mingle the discussion of political interests with their lighter contents? We never remarked that Blackwood was duller for his flings at the Whigs, and his *auto-de-fes* of the Radicals. Even in England it is difficult, nay, impossible to keep the spirit of these agreeable monthly miscellanies at an elevated point, by mere literary efforts;—how much more difficult must it be with us, among whom men of genius find many more profitable pursuits than the cultivation of letters, and when of consequence, the magazines must rely upon a limited number of contributors!

But open the field for our politicians, and you can enlist in your service a hundred pens guided by genius and learning;—and this without descending at all to the vulgar conflicts of temporary or local partizanship.

☞ The result of *Edwin Forrest's* trotting match at Baltimore, this week, was not received in town when our paper went to press.

THE MAILS.—Once again let us tell our subscribers in Philadelphia and Baltimore that it is impossible that the failures of which they so constantly complain in the receipt of our paper, are not attributable to us. It happens sometimes that we keep our paper open to so late an hour on Friday, that we send off none of our edition on that day,—but it has not happened for six months that any mail has failed to leave our office in season on Saturday. In many cases we are fain to believe that the cause of complaint might be removed by our subscribers taking the trouble to ask for their papers at the Post Office,—not a very unreasonable or unnatural remedy.

☞ No *Foreign Packet* since our last. Those of the 1st of March, from Liverpool and Havre are hourly expected. The Liverpool packet of the 16th Feb. is still due, though the *Roscoe*, of the 24th had arrived a fortnight since.—When *shall* we have an arrival, Daddy Neptune?

Summary.

ANECDOTE.—A wine-merchant received the following note the day after the great fire in this city.

"My Dear L——, I am sorry to tell you that your store was last night burned to the ground, and your wine is all gone to the devil!
Yours, truly, M."

He replied as follows:

"Dear M——, I am glad my wine is gone where my friends will be most likely to drink it!"
Yours, truly, L."
N. Y. Mirror.

Bills of indictment have been found by the Grand Jury of the District Court, now sitting at Washington, against Richard H. White, aud his brother, Henry H. White, on a charge of burning the United States Treasury. The building, it will be recollected, was destroyed by fire about three years since, and till within these few weeks, the whole matter has remained buried in profound mystery.

WINE—The sale of old wines at the City Hotel, by the Messrs. Pells, went off with great spirit. The *black cork* brought from twenty-four and a half to twenty-seven and a half dollars per dozen. The Washington of 1780 brought *fifty-four dollars* per dozen, and the *Barbadoes* brought *fifty-two dollars* per dozen. The sale amounted to upwards of *twenty-eight thousand dollars!!* There is a small but choice lot left, which will soon be offered. Eve. Star.

Dr. Preston, of Philadelphia, has bequeathed $200,000 to establish a lying-in hospital for poor married woman. The poor single woman, in that case, must not ly-in at all—but such events have happened. Ib.

TOLERABLY TOUGH.—A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder in open ground upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds and stand upon one end, top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he had arrived at the top, *he pulled the ladder up after him.*

AMERICAN EDITORIAL COMPLIMENTS.—The Editor of the *New York Evening Star* thus speaks of a brother Editor, who has recently taken up his abode in his immediate neighborhood:—"This *hollow tube*, who was imported here to give '*tone*' to public opinion, not only permits somebody to blow a line through his filthy calibre, but deems it an honor to father it himself, and have it proved upon him." London Satirist.

PRINTERS, MIND YOUR SPACES.—In one of our exchange papers, we noticed an advertisement headed as follows—"SHEEP & CAT AUCTION." At first we did not know but that this strange auction had been got up to accommodate some Richard Whittington, who wished to obtain a supply of feline stock for a sea voyage. On examination, however, we found that we had mistaken the character of the advertisement, and that its singular appearance was owing to a trick of the compositor, who had neglected to put a space after the letter "c;" thus, "SHEEP &C AT AUCTION." Nantucket Inquirer.

SALE OF CHOICE BREEDS.—At Mr. John Barney's sale of choice breeds of stock, (state of Delaware,) a Bakewell Buck, as we learn by the New Castle Gazette, brought $150; two Bakewell Ewes, $50 each: two short horned Durham breed, $100 each; and the celebrated 26 quart cows (Simm's breed,) $100 each. Eve. Star.

The Editor of the —— paper in New York city professes to have "cut Col. Stone" of the Commercial Advertiser. He has done right. *Stone cutting* is the best business for him. It is carried on largely in the N. Y. Penitentiary. Louisville Journal.

MR. "SCATTERING," who has been a candidate for almost every office in the gift of the people for the last fifty years, has come out in a Connecticut paper and declined being any longer a candidate. The old gentleman is evidently discouraged. He has been run down so many times, that we do not blame him for giving up the race. Boston Post.

BON MOT.—A barber who was in the habit of stunning his customers' ears by the rapidity of his tongue, asked an individual the other day, how he wished his beard to be cut—"Without saying a single word," replied he.

A new Ladies' paper has been commenced in New York called the "*Ladies' Morning Star.*" We predict that it will be no go. What in the deuce do the ladies want of a *morning star?* Dear creatures,—they dont rise early enough to enjoy its light. Baltimore Transcript.

A SPECULATION.—"Come, Bob, tell us honestly how much you have cleared by your wild land speculations?" said Bob's quizzical friend to him the other day. "Cleared, egad! cleared!" replied Bob with a frown, "why you fool, I've cleared my pockets!" Tioga Phœnix.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A good thing (we are told) happened at Washington not long ago. A certain Mail Contractor from the South went to Mr. Kendall and demanded his pay: the Post Master General told him that he had drawbacks against him in the nature of *fines* for failures on the gentleman's route nearly to the amount of what was due him for carrying the mails; whereupon the contractor with an air of triumph exclaimed, "I have *never* given bond; I don't pay."—"Very well," said Amos, "if you have *not* given bond we *don't pay* either;" and as we have the story, the contractor was obliged to settle by his own rule, (without the bond,) by which he had to carry the mail two years for nothing!

The Steamboat Benj. Franklin is running from this city to Providence at *one dollar* only the passage.

We observe noticed in the London Courier, the arrival of "an American artist of great promise, Mr. Osgood," who has brought with him, say the papers, "the portraits of the three candidates for the ensuing Presidentship of the United States, Messrs Van Buren, Calhoun, and Clay. They are, with other works, exhibited at his house, 38 Great Marlborough street." Evening Star.

Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) will sail for England on the first of May.

Paganini is expected here in July. It is said he intends giving concerts of his own, without entering into any engagement with managers of theatres. N. Y. Emigrant.

In consequence of the economy of the Corporation, the merchants of this city are said to have paid the trifling sum of *one hundred thousand dollars* in extra prices for carting goods during the past winter. Ib.

Sporting.—Judgment has been marked in the Court of King's Bench by Robert Hunter, Jun. law agent to the Turf Club, against Mr. Edward Ruthven, M. P. in three actions which he brought against Mr. J. R. Huuter, for the recovery of the stakes alleged to have been won by him in the Caroline and Leinster affair, Mr. Ruthven having allowed himself to be now processed.

Building a Pyramid.—The great Pyramid of Egypt, whose base extends over eleven acres, and which rises to a height of 481 feet, required 100,000 men for twenty years to build it; while a steam-engine with a consumption of only about 700 chaldrons of coal, would have lifted every stone of it into its place.

A strange circumstance lately occurred at Breslaw convent. A nun, who had to all appearance died, and was laced in a coffin in the church, suddenly rose from it, her sister nuns being round her at the time, and proceeded to the altar, where she prayed with a loud voice and great fervor for some time, and then again returned and laid down in the coffin, where, on the examination of a surgeon, in a few minutes after, she was found quite dead. She was a beautiful and accomplished girl, about 19 years of age.

It is stated that the autograph manuscript of Guy Mannering was sold in London for sixty guineas. It is a curious circumstance that many expressions in the original manuscript which are in English, are in the printed copies in Scotch. This shows that Sir Walter Scott frequently thought in English, and translated himself into Scotch. The Monastery brought 45*l.* 3*s.*

A recontre between two highly respectable physicians—both lecturers, took place in Broadway opposite the American Hotel. The one undertook to twist the nose, and cow-skin the other. New-York Daily Advertiser.

He was a foul practitioner. An attempt to cure the patient's bad humors by the application of a cow-skin plaster to his back is a piece of quackery, that no regular bred physician ought to be guilty of. [Louisville Journal.

HUMANITY OF ANDREW JACKSON.—During the Creek war, after one of the battles, an Indian child was found sucking the breast of his dead mother! The scene was truly affecting, and dictated the course that he, who has been charged by the tongue of calumny, as possessing a soul of iron, and a tiger's disposition, should pursue. At first, he endeavored to procure a squaw to relieve the wretched infant, but all to whom he applied refused, with this excuse, that as all his relations were killed, it would be better to knock him in the head! Further application being in vain, he took the little orphan under his immediate protection, and after the campaign, brought him home, introduced him into his family and is now educating him. English paper.

"*A Little out o' the Common.*"—The last Arcadian Recorder, a fine, staid old paper published at Halifax, Nova Scotia, contains the following paragraph, at which some of our readers will "erect their eyebrows, we calculate!"

"We wish some of our neighbors who are accustomed to bestow so much unqualified admiration on the United States and every thing appertaining, would get a recent file of American papers, and observe the large space devoted by very many of them to notices and anecdotes connected with the theatre, the race course, &c. They would erect their eyebrows, we calculate. We have lately perused some numbers of a large double sheet paper, closely and handsomely printed, in very small type, on excellent paper, and which has an extensive and profitable circulation, called the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," published at New-York. It is entirely devoted to information concerning the Race Course, the Stage, and the Prize Fighters. The catalogues of races, &c., the advertisements connected with the same subject, would astonish some of our friends who suppose enterprise and economy to be the sole virtue prized on the other side of the Passamaquoddy."

That we should be accused of devoting our paper to "the Prize Fighters!" If we ever catch the Recorder at that trick again, if we dont "*pitch into him*" and "*sarve him out,*" we'll be *blowed!*

WILLIS AND CAPT. MARRYATT.—Mr. Willis having offended Capt. Marryatt by a remark upon his writings, was in return, most severely assailed by the Captain in the Metropolitan Magazine. Mr. Willis, as we are informed, then sent a friend to Capt. Marryatt, demanding an explanation. The Captain, however, having gone to the continent, was not to be found, and Mr. Willis replied to the criticism through the public journals, his reputation not permitting any further delay. This offended the valiant Captain, who forthwith sent Mr. Willis a challenge, and demanded his immediate appearance to settle the difficulty, at Ostend. Mr. Willis replied, that he did not think himself bound to cross the sea, to give the required satisfaction, but offered to meet his antagonist in England.

To this the Captain demurred, whereupon Mr. Willis, waiving all his privileges as the challenged person, agreed to fight him at Ostend, and referred the preliminaries to a military friend. The Captain finding himself in this predicament, wrote another letter, altogether declining to meet him, upon grounds which are not very apparent to impartial observers.

Mr. W. did not hesitate, under these circumstances, to lash the Captain unsparingly; and the United Service Journal, in commenting upon the affair, gives the American poet great credit for his conduct, and alleges that Capt. Marryatt is actuated by envy at the circumstance of Mr. Willis being in society from which *he* is entirely excluded. Albany Daily Advertiser.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PUTNAM.—During the revolutionary war, when Gen. Putnam was in command of an important fortress in the Highlands of the Hudson river, his force had been so much weakened by the expiration of limited enlistments, and the withdrawal of troops for the protection of other important passes, that the enemy ventured to besiege his fort. The siege was extended beyond the patience of a veteran, whose feelings were more in favor of field fights, than of artificial manoeuvres. He was still more annoyed by a bandy legged drummer, who approached an angle of the fort every morning, to beat an insulting reveille. After having chafed under the insult, like a caged lion, he procured one of the Dutch ducking guns, of calibre and length sufficient to reach the drummer, and punish his audacity. He stationed himself with this weapon at the parapet, and soon saw his insulting victim approaching. He had scarcely struck the first note of triumph and defiance, when drum and drummer rolled in the dust. "There," exclaimed the satisfied General, "go to **** with your sheepskin fiddle!" American Historical Magazine.

Some of the London papers sometimes take great liberties with Majesty. The following is an amusing instance. It was published in the Satirist as a full, true, and particular account of what passed between the King and O'Connell, when the latter waited upon his majesty as one of the deputation to carry up the address in answer to the speech from the throne:

THE KING.—What, Dan! well, how are you? pretty hearty? (shaking him cordially by the hand.)

O'CONNELL.—God bless the beagles, your majesty, I am that same thing. I hope your majesty 's middlin?

THE KING.—Tol-lol-ish. How 's Missus?

O'CONNELL.—Illigant in health, and altogedther complate in spirits. I hope the queen 's well, though, without the least blarney?

THE KING.—Why—(turning up the whites of his eyes)—yes—yes—pretty much as usual. You see I am getting a little old now. You and I, Dan, can't manage, you know, as we used to do. We neither of us can expect, as Charley Bloomfield says, to live in this 'ere sublunary sphere much longer.

O'CONNELL.—Your majesty is pleased to flatter; but I've a habit of living till I 'm 110; it 's a custom I have. Long life to your majesty! may you live for ever, and then have 110 years good.

THE KING.—Well, (after a pause,) and how are all the Paddy Whacks in your country? Can they get a good bellyfull of wittles now, any on 'em?

O'CONNELL.—Taturs fraquintly.

THE KING.—Ah; I like taturs myself. Had a pretty good crop this year?

O'CONNELL.—Dacent.

The king expressed his satisfaction, and after another hearty shake of the hand, they parted.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—A few nights since, the following scene was enacted in one of our streets. It is no uncommon affair. The drowsy clock had just tolled out the solemn hour of one, "the very noon of night," the holiday of ghosts and hobgoblins, and the very witching hour of dreams, when the watch, who was just coming forth from his box to call the hour, or to gaze upon the melancholy moon, as she waded quietly through the serene depths of blue, caught the following expressions, which were uttered by a person who was holding on to a lamp post not far from him. "A friend in need is a friend indeed—I 'm a bird—but won't I get lamb and peas when I get home, I tell ye?—'rise gentle moon'—who 's afraid? Wonder what 's the use of lamps without any lights in them? *Vell, vot of it?*—a post 's a good thing to hold on—steady, boy, steady—that whiskey punch was n't slow, no how—but somehow it 's got into my upper stories. Hurra for David Crockett!—Cape Cod pudding in a canteen!

> Come pass the glass around my boys—
> It is no time for weeping."

"Halloa, there, stop your yelling," said the Charley, interfering. "Fudge—you 're no judge of music. I 'm a bird!" "Yes, but not a singing bird;—you must remain quiet, or else mosey." "Mosey yourself! I 'm a g-g-gen-t-tleman and if you mosey me, you shall have to answer for the consequences. I 'll have you broken." "I do n't fear that—come, walk, make tracks." "But, sir, you 're not serious?" "Yes I am—you 're not in a fix to go home, and I can obtain you comfortable lodgings at a reasonable charge." "Sir, you 're a gentleman, and a 'friend in need,' which, you know, is a 'friend in deed.' I 'm your humble servant to command: 'march, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!'" Baltimore Transcript.

POSITIVELY! SIR!—Two old farmers were discoursing the other day about the great drought of eighteen hundred and twenty-five or thereabouts.

Oh! Cap'n! I remember it very well, said farmer Brown—take it altogether it was the no-waterest season, I think, we ever had. Why, I recollect I drove my brindle heifer round the pasture, round and round, I should think full fifty times before I could find water enough to wet her nose, and then before we got near, it, a large bull-frog sizzled it all up at a swallow. My old mare stuck her nose out of the barn window for three hours one day, when she saw a black cloud overhead, having a sort of natural instinct that it must give down rain—but no rain came. The grass was parched and crisped, in fact it was the most regular drought ever known in these parts.

Yes, said farmer ——, but it was nothing to what it was in the western part of New York, positively, Sir! It was a horrible dry time there, and the ground han't got throughly moistened yet. Positively, Sir! Why, friend Brown, your driving a heifer round a pasture fifty times for water and then finding none, was nothing at all to what we experienced in New York. Why, I remember as f twas yesterday, that I used to have to drive my cattle forty or fifty miles for water, and ford two rivers into the bargain, and then found none, positively, Sir! Oh, it was the mercifullest time for no water!

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The requisition now in course of signature among the London Brokers, Merchants, and others, to solicit the Lord Mayor to convene a public meeting, for the purpose of expressing their deep symphathy for the loss by conflagration at New York; and also to express their warm remembrance of the generosity of America upon the occasion of the awful fires at Nova Scotia, &c., originated with Col. the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, and Mr. George Jones, the American Tragedian. The Lord Mayor has already intimated his readinets to grant the use of the Egyptian Hall for the purposes mentioned; and if the meeting do not create another link in the chain of friendship existing between the two countries, between the majestic parent, and its noble child, we shall be deceived indeed. London Morning Herald.

A QUEER GENIUS.—The following advertisement from a Nashville paper merits gratuitous insertion for its ingenuity and honesty:—

"Mr. Editor—I was as much surprised as flattered at seeing in the Union of this morning, a notice requesting me to become a candidate for Colonel Commandant of the Nashville Regiment. In conjunction with Mr. A. B. Robertson, I have purchased the very extensive and general assortment of Shoes, Boots and Hats of Messrs. H. T. Yeatman & Co. and wish the *undivided* support of all my friends in that line of business. We will give great bargains for cash or to punctual men on the most liberal terms. I decline running for the office.
JOS. W. WALKER.

P. S.—I would prefer the office of Major General for this division, as he has to turn out only once a year.

THE KIND OF WEATHER.—Some time ago, a person who wished to say he thought the weather very salubrious, declared, "upon honor, he thought it was as sloberous a day as he had ever scrutinized. Pwt. Chronicle.

Sporting Intelligence.

A FAIR BANTER.

Mr. Editor:—I am much pleased with your Correspondent's ideas respecting a Betting Book to be made in the event of certain horses starting in a four mile race. I cannot say I exactly agree with him in his "State of the Odds," but as such difference of opinion may lead to some sport, a little betting, and possibly some sweepstakes or matches, permit me to class certain horses. You will perceive I have placed the four year-olds to themselves;—as they have never run three or four mile races, it is not fair to compare them with such nags of fame as Trifle, Post Boy, etc. I have selected such *as might meet*, in a large sweepstakes, if sufficient inducement was offered, or as might be matched against each other. Trifle I have omitted altogether, for although in training for the great Northern and Southern Match on Long Island, the Second Spring Meeting, it is still feared she will give way in training.

SWEEPSTAKES, FOUR MILE HEATS.

Post Boy,	Argyle,
Ironette,	Mingo.

SWEEPSTAKES, FOUR MILE HEATS.

Clara Howard,	Henry Archy,
Juliana,	Cadmus,
Black Heath,	Ohio.

SWEEPSTAKES, FOUR MILE HEATS, FOR FOUR YEAR OLDS.

Apparition Filly,	Middlesex,
Admiral,	Catherine Davis,
Veto,	Nelson,
Dr. Syntax,	Mark Moore.

SWEEPSTAKES, THREE MILE HEATS.

Sir Kenneth,	Monmouth,
Floranthe,	Gypsey,
Mary Lee,	Oliver,
Sally Eubanks,	Tarquin.
Charles Kemble,	

SWEEPSTAKES, TWO MILE HEATS.

Flatterer,	Lance Filly,
Cora,	Jessup,
St. Leger,	Ajax.

The object of our Correspondent in presenting the classifications above, he has explained in general terms, but a more important one is this:—it would excite greater interest in the improvement of the horse, and conduce materially to the sports of the turf, if the owners or friends of each horse named would *place* him in the odds, with the understanding that they might be called upon to *back their opinion*, as they assuredly will, and forward the same to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. The owners of several Northern horses we know to be exceedingly "wolfish" and anxious to make up a match or a sweepstakes. If the friends of either horse will send us their quotations of the odds, their communications, so far as shall be necessary to preserve their incognito, shall be deemed *confidential*, and should any gentleman desire to take the odds they may offer or to make a match with their favorites, they shall be immediately apprized of it by letter so that the preliminaries may be settled privately between the parties. Their quotations of course will be published, and it would facilitate *the business* if gentlemen would state *how much* they will risk on their opinions.

We trust in a week or two to hear from the knowing ones. What will Johnson, Wynne, Heth, Garrison, Botts, Williamson, White and the rest, do for the honor of the Old Dominion? And let's hear from Maryland—what odds can we have there, Messrs. Selden, Dorsey, Gilmor, Kendall, Wallis or Heath? and Pennsylvania and our neighbor over the way, Jersey, what may we put you down for? Will *you* say for how much, Messrs. Irvine, Craig, or Stockton? And what will the New Yorkers do? We pause for a reply, Messrs. Stevens, Livingston, Tillotson, Seaman, Ringgold, Wilkes, Botts, Coster, and Bathgate. Shall we have one?

THE GREAT MATCH RACE AT AUGUSTA,

Came off without doubt on Tuesday last, and we are promised a full report by our attentive correspondents who are already on the ground. So much interest is everywhere excited on the subject, that the following extract from our private letters "from the seat of war," will be read with interest. The first is from a well known sportsman who has been styled "the Father of the American Turf."

* * * * "Nothing in this place is heard of, talked of, or thought of, but the great match. Both parties are on the gronnd, and the friends of each are sanguine. The contest will be *severe*, and this day week, (the 12th) will find many, very many, good fellows without a cent in their pockets. God save the Commonwealth."

Our second letter is likewise from a source entitled to great consideration and contains many interesting facts:—

"*Argyle* has been in training with *Bay Maria* at Col. Hampton's stable near Columbia, S. C., and in a recent trial, two miles, was beaten by her, though he has since turned the tables by beating her in return, two mile heats. They are both in fine condition and have just arrived here from Columbia.

John Bascomb has been a little off in some way, but is now doing well. *Bill Austin* and *Lady Nashville* ditto. If rumor may be credited, Argyle's case looks a little squally, for it is said Austin beat Lady Nashville out of sight a few days since in a four mile trial.

The interest excited becomes daily more intense. People are crowding in upon us from every quarter. The hotels are already filled; what is to become of the people? There is not much betting, both parties fighting shy, and awaiting further developements. I should judge the Crowell party have the greatest confidence.

Argyle carries the most weight by 10 lbs., and should he come off the victor, (Crowell's two "cracks" being in condition,) all Lombardy to a China orange will be laid he wins the great match on Long Island. If Bill Austin runs he will pass Argyle the 1st mile; if John Bascomb is chosen, I think he will do it in the third round; and if Lady Nashville starts I do not think she will even press him. She is too slow to put him up, and carries the same weight, (throwing off the 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.) I do not admire Bascomb's color or form; Austin, in each particular, is admirable. He is something like Old Eclipse—strong enough for a dray, and fleet enough for a quarter horse. His color is a beautiful blood bay, with one white fore foot, and his coat is sleek and glossy in the extreme. Without knowing positively any more of him than I do, I should pronounce him first rate—an out and outer."

We are led to conclude from various circumstances, that Bascomb or Austin will be Col. Crowell's choice—most likely John Bascomb. Complete details of the match will be given in the Spirit of the Times next week.

THE KENDALL COURSE SPRING RACES.

A Correspondent writes from Baltimore that he recently "took a turn" down to the Kendall Course to see what preparation was making for the approaching spring campaign. He says he found a number of gentlemen witnessing the exercise of some thirteen or fourteen fine looking horses, which were named to him as they passed, by the enterprising proprietor of the course, Mr. James B. Kendall. Mr. C. Thompson, (from the valley of the Old Dominion) is training his stable here; and our unknown friend speaks particularly of *Enciro*, by Star, *Orazabo*, by Tonson, both good ones, and likewise *Sadi*, a fine four years old, another of Star's get. Mr. K. has *Camsidell* in training, and *Nelly Webb*, ditto, as well as a fine imported filly by Velocipede out of a Tramp mare. [There's a pedigree for ye! who knows but this filly may turn up not a trump, but a *Queen of Trumps*—her half sister? She must be the property of R. D. S. Esq. to whose stock we alluded last week.] Several fine three year olds are also well spoken of, the get of Henry, Sir Charles, Spring Hill, and Sussex. *Mary Randolph* had by her side a fine looking filly by Tranby, which is already entered in a Sweepstakes, $1000 subscription to be run over this course in 1839, to which there are already several other subs.

In training for the spring meeting on the Kendall course there are fourteen stables in its vicinity. The Jugdes' stand, Pavillion, etc., and the track, have lately been got in fine order, and we make no doubt the ensuing races will show rare sport. We say *Amen* with all our hearts.

In speaking of a Rifle Target made recently at Hoboken, we gave one hundred *paces* as the distance shot. Our informant was in error—one hundred *feet* was the distance. Harrington it was who made the target and a fine one it is.

MATCH FOR $1000 A SIDE.

A match for $1000 a side, half forfeit, has been concluded to come off on the 20th May next, at Madisonville, Miss.

Mr. J. K. Wheelan names b. b. *Little Black*.
M. W. H. Fleming " b. h. *Pop Corn*, by Whip.

HICKORY JOHN AND MISS MEDLEY.

Believing him to have been out of order on the occasion of his recent race with *Miss Medley* at Macon, Ga. the friends of *Hickory John* will be glad to match him against her, to run four mile heats at Augusta, Ga. in November or December next for $5000, one third, fourth, or half, forfeit, at her option:—the present rules of the La Fayette Course, or the rules of the Central Course to govern, as she pleases. This proposition will remain open until the 11th of April, proximo. This is not thrown out with any other than the most friendly feelings towards Miss Medley or her owners, but merely to afford Hickory John an opportunity of proving to the world, that his friends have not overrated him in asserting that Miss Medley beat him for the want of order.

A friend writes us from Augusta, that "Hickory John has returned from Macon, and although he was defeated there, his friends have challenged Miss Medley, to another bout for $5000. He showed no speed at Macon, but all concur that he ran with the most untiring bottom. When he becomes acclimated I think he will shew her how to do the trick. We shall see next season.

Yonrs, &c. H. D.

MISSLETOE'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

Two weeks since we published the challenge of Mr. Ward, a Kentucky gentleman, addressed "To the Gentlemen of Tennessee!" It will be seen from the letter subjoined that Gen. Mabry, a Tennesseean, has promptly accepted it. Here's the acceptance of the banter:—

To Junius R. Ward, Esq.

In the Nashville Republican I see you propose to run a race: your mare *Missletoe* &c. against any 4 years old raised in Tennessee, 2 mile heats, for $1,000 aside, half forfeit. I will meet you at Nashville, and run my bay filly, 4 years old by imported Leviathan, dam by Archie, on the 9th day of June next, over the Nashville track for $1,000 aside, half forfeit, and I will pay you $100 for your expenses coming there, or you can have the race for $2,000 if you prefer it. I live 185 miles east of Nashville, and will meet you there this spring. I have other engagements that will prevent my accepting your proposition to run in September next, and as an inducement, I will also propose to run my Leviathan filly *Mary*, mile heats, over the same track, on Tuesday, the 7th day of June next, for $1,000 aside, half forfeit, against any horse, mare, or gelding raised in Kentucky, &c., to name and close by the 1st day of May next, and to be governed by the rules of the track as to weights, &c. The forfeit in each case to be deposited in the Union Bank of Tennessee. I shall address this to you at Georgetown, Kentucky, and also publish it in the Nashville Republican, and send you a copy. Respectfully, J. A. Mabry.

Campbell's Station, Sevier Co., E. T. March 31, 1836.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

The programme of the First Spring Meeting will be found in our advertising columns to-day. The purses are bang up, and no mistake, amounting to Eleven Hundred Dollars. To the owners of untried horses, the proprietor holds out the most liberal inducements. Instead of fobbing them off with a purse of $50 or $75, Conklin puts up two purses of $200 each. That's the time o' day, my flower. If the Philadelphians hold back after this, the more shame for 'em, that's all. We shall have all the crack horses of the country here to contend for the various pretty pickings in the shape of purses. There are two nags west of Troy, and a good one in Albany, that anticipate fingering the shiners. Providence, too, will send her best, and the green horns may as well look out for "singed cats" all the way from that state of sin and misery Down East, yclept Maine. At Harlem, Brooklyn, and at home here, there are nearly sixty known good ones in training; and altogether the prospect of rare sport this season has never been equalled.

TRENTON RACES.

The races over the *Eagle Course* commence next Tuesday. The proprietor of that course informs us that there are above fifty horses now in training for that meeting especially, and several stables more are expected from Long-Island and Maryland.

By the advertisement on the last page, our readers will perceive that there are twelve entries for the three years' old sweepstakes, the first day. There will be fun *that* day certainly. The citizens of Trenton have shown their liberality, and their desire to encourage improvement in the breed of horses, by giving a good purse for Thursday. *We like that.*

Trenton is easy of access for New-Yorkers: the course is a very beautiful one, with a well protected and convenient stand, which is always graced by the presence of the fairest of Jersey's beautiful daughters. Our friend Bailey's wines are excellent: his house, the Eagle Hotel, near the course, and various other inducements, we might hold forth to a poor New-York cit, to get out of the sight of brick and mortar, and take refuge from the dust and mud (so strangely commingled in Broadway,) in a three days' rustication at Trenton. You may count upon all sorts of fun, and *lots* of it.

LADY SLIPPER AND DUTCHMAN.

A match has been concluded between these two trotting nags for $2000 a-side, four mile heats, to go as the parties may hereafter agree, carrying the appropriate weights, and will come off on the Centreville Course, in the latter part of May next. From present appearances, amateurs in trotting horseflesh, seem likely to take the field this season in great force and spirit.

While various other improvements are canvassing or being carried into effect upon the Northern Turf this year, we hope the important subject of *weights* will not be entirely overlooked. It is a fact perfectly notorious that our weights are too light, and the assertion that "they are as fair for one as for another" is unfounded. The weights carried on the New York and New Jersey courses are the heaviest in the Union; and even these are exceeded by those of the Canadas. Our aged horses should carry at least 160lbs., and our 3 year olds 10lbs. more than is now adopted, making their weight 100lbs. We clap a child upon the saddle here as though it was possible he could place his horse, when but for the high fence which encircles the course, the chances are that neither horse or boy would be heard of for a week. These little hop-o'-my-thumb gentry cannot brace themselves firmly on a horse by their knees so as to hold him together; instead of which they stick their toes out in front with their heads over the horse's quarters, to get a sufficient puchase, thereby throwing their whole weight back upon his loins.

We shall take the earliest opportunity of reverting to this interesting topic, and in the mean time beg to commend it to the serious attention of those it so nearly concerns. Our crude suggesiton will not be thrown away should it provoke any discussion of the question in the proper quarter, and we need not add that our columns are open to any communications in relation to it.

☞ *Wake Snakes!*—Is there a horse on the turf that can beat *Edwin Forrest* in harness or under the saddle, a single mile, four mile heats, or a match of *twenty miles?* Please make up your minds, gentlemen, and be prepared to back your opinions, for *you shall have a chance!* We are obliged in this matter to hold up this week, and shall merely save our distance; but, in all probability, in our next paper we shall let all go by the run, as the sailors have it, and flare up with a challenge that will make you open your eyes. Mum's the word. Keep dark.

Rochester.—A very fine print, and the only one in this country, of the celebrated Trotting Horse Rochester, may be seen at Clark & Brown's (Franklin Coffee House,) Maiden Lane. It will be recollected he trotted a match of five miles with *Rattler* in 1832, we think, who died the following day. The five miles were done, in harness, in 13m. 50s. The print is a great curiosity, and well worth a visit.

A friend of ours has recently brought from England a most rare and beautiful animal, that equals the Italian grey hound in perfection of shape and appearance. It is a white Terrier, thorough bred, with an authenticated pedigree as long as the best son of old Eclipse. We forget how much he cost, but a bushel of "the Jackson currency" would not buy him.

The Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia seems likely to "go to grass" this season, which we regret. Mr. Brown, cannot afford to throw away his time and money, and unless the Philadelphians come forward and support him, the glory of their trotting nags will seem to have departed. There are certainly fine men and fine horses enough there to ensure good sport, and it is unreasonable enough to throw the expense upon the proprietor. Let the owners of fast ones contribute liberally as they should, and our word for it, Mr. Brown will do "all that may become a man."

The following *Sweepstakes* are proposed over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, the ensuing Spring.

1st;—Free for mares and fillies, $5000 entrance, 2 mile heats, Lilac by Leviathan, enters and invites Gen. Desha's Angora, and E. H. Broadman's Leviathan filly and all others to come in.

2d—Two mile heats—$500 entrance—Kenlock, by Havock, enters and invites John Dawson, Daniel O'Connell and Wacousta, and all other colts and stallions to come in.

3d—Mile heats, for untried three year olds—$100 entrance—half forfeit—in each three or more to make a race, and to close first day of March next.

We have two stakes made up. I will give two purses, and I suppose the citizens of Nashville will give a liberal purse for one day. Our prospects are flattering for fine sport this spring. P. W. Long, pro'r.

On Thursday last, a large American panther was shot near Norton Creek on the *Chateauguay* river, and has since been brought to this city, and purchased on behalf of the Natural History Society for their museum. It measures at least 4½ feet from the head to the insertion of the tail, and about 3½ feet in height, is in good condition, having been feeding in all probability during the winter upon the deer, which are abundant in the neighborhood where it was killed. Its tracks were mistaken for those of a bear, and the ravages committed among the lambs of some of the farmers, led to its being followed up and destroyed. These animals are of rather rare occurrence in this vicinity. [Montreal Gazette.

Extraordinary Feats of a Draught Horse.—An unparralled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shown near Croydon. The Surry Iron Railway, being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the way from Wansworth to Werstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to see this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour; in the course of this time he stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the deseeut that the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to show the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

	Ton.	Cwt.	Q.
Twelve waggons, first linked together weighed....	38	4	2
4 ditto, afterwards attached.....	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers.....	4	0	0
Tons.	55	6	2

London Sportsman for Feb.]

"A FLARE-UP AMONG THE DONS."

A correspondent at Santander gives the following curious account of a "spree among the frolicsome residents of that town:—"In the absence of sanguinary combats in the field, we were near having had a bloody civil broil in a cafe on Sunday night last in this otherwise very peaceful town of Santander. A Swiss, one of a company who seem to have taken upon themselves the philanthropic task of providing with cafes not only the old but the new world, they having already set up several establishments of this kind in America as well as in France, Italy, and Switzerland, announced a masked ball to take place in the new cafe, which he has thrown open to the public in one of the new and large houses on the quay. This prospect of amusement, where amusements are so very scanty, drew together some of the elite and not a few of the non-elite of the Santandriotes male and female (particularly as the price of admission was but 15d.) together with a plentiful sprinkling of estrangeros, both English and French, particularly military and naval men. Adjoining the large and commodious, but not very brilliantly decorated room devoted to the pleasure of the dance and the varied frolics of the masquerade, was a smaller room laid out for supper and other refreshments. At the witching hour of night, when fun was at its highest, and the pulses of some of the company at least beat rather madly, this latter room was filled with a motley mixture of masked and unmasked persons of both sexes, and of the three nations, Spanish, French and English. At one of the tables were seated in good fellowship two naval officers, the one French and the other English. The former was endeavoring to give a moderate and judicious degree of liberty to the contents of a bottle of champaigne, but the volatile wine, like some of the inhabitants of the country which produces it, wishing to have full and entire liberty, all at once baffled all the skill and prudence of its enfranchiser, blew the cork with the report of a pistol to the ceiling, and scattered itself in a copious and sparkling shower over the fancy dresses of some ladies in masks, who were sitting at the nearest table. The Frenchman observed that it was impossible with the utmost care to prevent, at times, such an accident, and added, that although champaigne might wet, it would not stain. One of the Spaniards in company with the masked ladies said, that whether it stained or not the Frenchman must not repeat the experiment. The Frenchman replied that he would repeat it if it was his pleasure, and that he should open a second—nay, a third, fourth, fifth, &c., bottle of champaigne, if he felt any inclination to do so. The Spaniard, losing temper, exclaimed that if he did so again he should throw him out of the window. This brought the Frenchman to his feet, and, at the same instant, the Spaniard hurled a bottle at his head, whilst three or four other Spaniards rushed to strike him. The English naval officer, seeing his comrade thus unequally attacked, came to the rescue, and "quick as lightning," or the first of Cribb, floored three or four of the assailants. Another Spaniard said to some of his compatriots, "Let us leave the Frenchman and pummel the Englishman." The observation, though expressed in Spanish, was understood by a demure and quiet looking young lady in a mask who stood near, very much to the surprise and pain of the speaker, as the said young lady, (a brother officer of the Englishman so kindly intended to be pummeled,) after tearing off her mask, laid, by a well directed blow between the eyes, the adviser sprawling in the dust. At this moment the fight became loud and furious, the alarm spread to the outer room, from which rushed at every moment new warriors to the onslaught. Knives, it is said, were snatched from the tables and brandished high in the air, but not, fortunately, sheathed in any Christian orthodox or heretic skins; chairs were whirled round about the heads of the combatants with portentous velocity, and in their descent clove through pasteboard casques, and divided to the chin several plaster of Paris visages and visors. The crash of meeting and broken bottles "hurled in the air," and torrents of tinto and champaigne, mingled with a sparkling dust of broken glass, fell upon the heads of the actors in the affray without cooling their courage or diminishing their rage. Amidst this confusion, dire and horrid, dins were heard, and from time to time the more soul subduing tones of some fainting shepherdess whose garments were dripping, not with the dew of the morning, but the champaigne of the evening. The plaintive wailings of the fairer and tenderer portion of the company were, however, but too often silenced by the Milesian war-cry of some warrior from the "Emerald Isle," roaring his way through the intervening crowd and expressing in inprecations both loud and deep, his fears that he should be too late for the fight. This terrible melee and "hubbub wild" were at length brought to a close, or at least a suspension of arms, by the interposition of some of the military and civil authorities who happened to be present, not, however, without some detriment to their dignity and pride of place. A high military authority, but low in stature, mounted a lofty three-legged stool to view the field of action, and bid the troubled elements cease, but by one of those strange accidents de guerre, unforeseen by strategical tactitians, and to be accounted for only by the humorists of a masquerade, the military hierarch, the three-legged stool, and all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war," disappeared in the twinkling of a ramrod from the eyes of the spectators, and the din of strife gave way to an unextinguishable shout of laughter. In fine, by the well-directed efforts of the authorities present, amongst the most efficient of which as a peace maker should be mentioned the Alcaide, a man of prudent and firm conduct, and gentlemanly manners, and it may be added, as not uninteresting to our fairer readers, one of the handsomest men in Santander, the troubled waves of excitement were calmed, or at least reduced to a ground swell." [Bell's Life in London.

Original.—"Mr. Sailor," said an old lady to a weather beaten tar, who had called at her house for a luncheon, "you must see a great many curiosities, at sea?" "O yes," said Jack, and immediately commenced telling of the great leviathans of the deep. "But how do these great fish live," queried the old lady. "O," said Jack, "much as the large fish live on land—by devouring the smaller ones." "But they don't eat them raw, do they?" "O no," was the reply, "*every fifth fish carries a kettle on his tail for cooking!!*" [N. H. Telegraph.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST—BY JUAN.

"DIES AMBROSIANA."

Give me the man who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprean flower;
Oh, give me him; whose heart responsive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

SCENE DUBLIN—*cum Privilegio Poetico.*

[Coffee Room, Morrisson's Hotel, Dawson-street.—A table with Glasses, Decanters, &c., and a vacant chair: 9 P. M., Dec. 15.]

Craven, solus—Time for me to bloom unseen too: yet is it hard to combine business and pleasure. Old heads, they say, are rare upon young shoulders: my Sympotiate, formed in anatomical affinity, hath betaken him to repose: still I have authority for another pint. Copy must I construct:—good!—but wherefore fast from wine? Are there not authorities? Did not Blackstone wet his Commentaries? Did not Addison baptise *Cato* in brandy? Besides, my stomach is as unsettled as the mariner's combass. Ah! that steam-boat rowley powley!..... another pint of this same Hibernian Falernian, and then....

[The door opens, and a figure in an ample Mackintosh reaching to the ankles, and shawled to the nose, enters: a foraging cap sticks on the dexter side of his head, and the smoke of a cigar in full work curls up the other: behind appears a porter bearing a portmanteau and other appurtenances of travel.]

Craven soliloquises in continuation—Do my eyes deceive me? or is that a counterfeit presentment of our most eccentric of Dons?—(Rising and approaching the apparition busied in an attentive perusal of the *carte*)—"Angels and Ministers!" Juan in Ireland! *Il Turco in Italia!* well hast thou selected, *mio caro:* here thou shalt be in thine own element. Thrice welcome to the land of Shamrock! Whence comest thou? "Say, what makest thou in Elsinore: we'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

Juan—Mighty in marine are the Liverpudlians, and from among them am I, twelve hours after date; but in the name of St. Luke's, Bedlam, and the Retreat at York, what hast brought thou my friend, "o'er the glad waters?" To find thee thus in a strange land wandering alone.....

Craven—Not alone, Juan; I have a companion, but he has retired, fatigued with his journey; the latter portion of which, it must be confessed, was not exactly suited to his peculiar identity. We were full inside from Shrewsbury; two elderly young ladies in the theatrical line consigned to Mr. Calcraft, the ——, and your humble servant. This got up a crowd, and during a hail-storm under Capel Curig, a pair of sixteen-stone graziers were admitted for God's sake, that defied all process of ejectment until we reached Holyhead. But come, I'll unburden—your ear—we may be overheard.....

Juan—No! I'm delighted! Excellent old Gentleman! Gone to bed, say ye? I'll taste neither bit nor sup till I salute my *decu et tutamen*. Here, waiter, shew me the chamber of the Gentleman in black that dined at this table. How long has he been abed?

Waiter—Is it in bed your honor manes? oh, the divil a bed the ould Gintilman's honor's troubling: shure he's in the drawing room, No. 5, all alone by himself, with a bottle of Port to keep the could Claret aisy on his stomach.

Craven—The old Heathen!

Juan—Don't be scurrilous. Besides, after being at sea, what more natural than to find him enjoying himself in *port!* But let's to him.

[At a table with a black bottle, and a half-emptied glass, is discovered THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE—Morphean melody fills the apartment.]

Craven—Fast as York Minster!....(Shakes him by the shoulder)—Wake up, Prince Paramount of the Gentlemen of the Press, Paladin of the Periodicals, by the Grace of Brass, Editor and Slash and hackawarian, arouse! Lo! two of the humblest of thy vassals bend before thee!

Editor (awaking with a snort and a start)—"Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more!" What's this? Juan! Craven! *Comites et Socii*, well met on Shannon's banks. I have been caught by ye enjoying "great Nature's second course." Do not blame me; I am ill at travel: but now I feel as refreshed and eager as a giant. Juan, you must be an huuger'd: let us have something: they've had a regular blow out here to day—the Beef-steak Club, I believe—some of their baked meats may boldly furnish out our table. Moreover, the shell-fish of Carlingford is great in story....(Rings....Waiter enters)—Here, remove the Port-wine (*bottle,*) and bring some supper: anything you may happen to have in the cold joint and pie line; oysters either of Carlingford or Lisadil, (*or both*) and throw half-a-dozen of Guiness's native into a tankard.

(The order is promptly executed to the letter.)

Juan—Ah, this is as it should be: talk of the midnight oil and the groves of science—the groves of Blarney! If ever you ever want anything truly great from me, to blaze out of the Square like a comet, I'll give you a receipt—no need that the hour be upon me. Pick me up any day in the Strand or Piccadilly, with a fact like the rind of a lemon—hazy—dumpy—sour and sulky—just breathing, perhaps, after a bolt from the unwelcome vision of my tailor abruptly turning a corner—and carry me into the tavern nearest to your hand; order instantly hot rump-steaks and oyster sauce (*to be continued,*) a bottom of brandy-and-water "*frigidum sine;*" bring into presence a good pen, place before me hot-pressed paper, and a well filled cigar-case, and cry, "Go it, Juan! flare up, my Don of a million."

Craven—The result?

Juan—"How calm and beautiful comes on" the consequence: over the troubled surface of my soul spreads an atmosphere of Claude—soft, serene, dewy—a canopy of all beautiful things: it is then that my Spirit makes her shrine, as it were, in the divine depths of contemplation, exerting her energies sweetly, nobly, sublimely: it is then....

[The waiter enters, leaving the door ajar—a prodigious crash as of a thousand falling avalanches is heard in an adjoining room—the Englishmen look aghast.]

Editor—What's the matter? is the house falling?

Waiter—Plase your honor, *it's the beefsteaks!*

(Hurrah! hurrah! bravo! hear, hear, hear! A voice like the blast of a trombone, or a Lancashire Missionary with all his steam up: "Gentlemen, I have the honor of proposing the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes. May he that refuses this toast be rammed, crammed, and jammed into the great gun of Athlone, fired into the air, and descend in sparrables upon the popish generation!" Hurrah! nine times nine.)

[Enter a stout Gentleman in black, wearing a hat of ample brim, and an umbrella resting upon his right shoulder.]

Gent.—I have to beg pardon, Gentlemen, for this intrusion; but hearing that you had arrived in Dublin, I could not deny myself the happiness of waiting upon you the moment an opportunity was afforded me. The Editor of the Sporting Magazine I believe, and two distinguished ornaments of that truly cosmopolite periodical? Erin in my name bids you her *cead mille faltagh!* I have no doubt you will be well satisfied with your visit. I pledge myself that it shall add a thousand prime fellows to your list of subscribers. In the meantime put me down for 500 copies.

Editor—putting his hand to his stomach, bowing profoundly—In the name of the proprietors I beg to offer my best thanks: but may I ask to whom we are thus indebted?

Gent.—One who is proud to write M. H. to his name....Daniel O'Connell.

Juan (aside)—Dan O'Connell and the Glorious Memory cheek by jowl in at the same aperture! Who comes next?

(A chair is placed, in which the modern Cataline diffuses himself.)

O'Connell—"*Hic cestus artemque repono*"—not a word about politics. What's the news from Melton? What a week that was in Aylesbury!

Craven—Permit me to propose a Carlingford. Really, for so unexpected an honor, we want words to convey our sense of the obligation. What wine does Mr. O'Connell use? We are engaged upon the *vin de pays*—whiskey.

O'Connell—(examining the decanter)—Ah, that is Parliament: you will never know what whiskey is if you drink that. Have you ever tasted Poteen?

Editor—Poteen? What's that?

O'Connell—Innishowen.

Editor—I'm no wiser.

(The bell is rung, and O'Connell whispers to the waiter, who returns with a bottle, from which he extracts the cork, and exit.)

O'Connell—Being a spirit that has not paid the licence, in houses of respectability it is never produced but on special occasions: in fact, the consumption and possession of it are both illegal, and, therefore, Morrison keeps it exclusively for the use of the Judges and the Corporation.

(Glasses having been prepared *secundum artem*, and scientifically sipped, the potation is pronounced glorious.)

O'Connell—I thought it would meet your palates, but to relish its real gusto you should taste it on its native heather. You must come into our mountain fastnesses, and see something of our Kerry Sporting—that is the olive of poteen! My Kinsman of Greenagh shall rouse for ye an antlered monarch of Killarney's sylvan domain. I, too, will shew you what hare-hunting is an ye will visit Derrynane. In England the merry-harriers is but a word: see it among our moorlands and wilds; hear "the sweet discord" echoed along our hills and valleys, and it shall redeem the character of a sport which is burlesqued upon your plains of velvet, the thundered eloquence of Tully to the penny-trumpet mouthing of Sir——....But I beg pardon, I was falling into my "old tunes."

Craven—"Use does breed a habit in a man." I am not of those, however, who object to technical phraseology—indeed I think it by far the most agreeable way of conveying a meaning. Why should not a custom be recognised in conversation—I mean in every-day intercourse—which is the chief charm of literary composition and dramatic representation? Writers of late years have more attended to this discription of colloquial costume than did their predecessors in the days when Garrick played *Brutus* in a tye-wig, and *Othello* in a Court suit. But this smells of the lamp. You have left your party early; of course you have been one of the convivials whose voices we hear? I have heard the Beef-steak Club spoken of as one of the most superior Harmonic Societies of the day: is it so?

O'Connell—It is has deserved the character; but it too "has had losses:" nevertheless, in no country perhaps is an Amateur Musical Society more calculated to succeed than in Ireland, where the *Shell* is worshipped devoutly, and where we have very little professional excellence.....And now that we are on the subject, can we not do something of ourselves?—Diana and Apollo were near relatives. Will not her High Priest chaunt a Strophe? What say ye?

The *Editor*, draining his tumbler, and looking upwards for inspiration, forthwith commences, in a fine sonorous baritone, combining the elegance of Tamburini with the compass of Lablache—

SONG.

Wreath a chaplet of the vine,
Spread the banquet, pour the wine:
In the goblet wisdom lies—
To be merry's to be wise.
Ho! the wine cup!.....Old Time's hour-glass
Never pauses—why should our glass?

Star of Evening! can the day
Waken Philomela's lay?.....
When are odours breathing sweet?—
When the stars above us meet!
Pass the flagon!.....Old Time's hour-glass
Never pauses—Why should our glass?

Hail! boon Nature's festal hour!
When the balm is on the flower—
When the roses drink the dew,
Man should quaff his nectar too!
Ho! the wine cup.....Old Time's hour-glass
Never pauses—why should our glass?

Juan—Bravo, Old Bacchus!—there breathes a soul above *Intermediate*. But I wish you had said something about whiskey, out of compliment to our illustrious visitor. Can't you contrive a stave by way of postscript?

Editor—Really the subject is one of too much importance to come in at the fag-end of a stave; and besides, I fear I could not do it justice. If indeed I might presume where I know it would receive the measure its merit deserves—if I might venture to ask the modern Demosthenes to descend from politics to poteen: if.....

O'Connell—Enough said; I will try my hand: the lyre and I were not always the strangers we now are.

(A melody is heard, somewhat, as Shakspeare says, "tipp'd with the sweet South.")

O'CONNELL'S SONG.

JOHN BULL is the boy for a can of brown stout,
That follows his sirloin so handy:
Your Frenchman's a capital fellow, no doubt—
He comes from the land of good Brandy:
But we crown with whiskey and sugar the board,
Water boiled, tip the lemons a squeezer;
And Paddy can brew you a bowl, by the Lord!
Dan Bacchus had christened a sneezer!

In France they may boast of their sparkling Champagne,
In Italy, *Lachryma Christi:*
In Holland *Shiedam* let them tipple amain,
With Rum in Jamaica get misty:
We care not a pin for their juniper *gin*
And shew us a vineyard that's growing,
From which they can win a liquor akin
To the flavor of our Innishowen!

Juan—Lord Byron was accused of writing metrical puffs for Warren's Blacking. Had he actually done so, who would most have benefited, Warren the individual, or mankind in the gross? Assuredly the latter. Acres of calf-skin, that ignorance would have sacrificed to villanously combustible jett, had been preserved, and the wealth of nations protected. Nothing like the currency that belongs to great names. That last song shall be of more effectual aid to Irish manufacture than all the Parliamentary Commissions that could be crammed into the City of Westminster. On the first of January, 1837, nothing save whiskey-punch shall be found at the fashionable dinners of Timbuctoo. If any man doubts me, let him go there and satisfy himself. Mr. O'Connell, you have done much for your country—you can accomplish great things still—all kinds and conditions of services hast thou, and art thou rendering her: yet have you overlooked one of vast consideration. Commissioners are there, Educational, Statistical, and the Lord knows how many beside: why have you never thought of causing an inquiry in our line? Instead of a Committee of Waste Lands being instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of draining all the bogs, and making snipes at a premium in Connemara, conceive the advantages to be obtained from a preservation of the game in the uncultivated districts, and the revenue that might be obtained from an annual letting, after the fashion of the Celts. With proper care, the vast tracts of waste land everywhere abounding would afford immeasureable murders for blood-desiring Cockneys. One month's rent of a heath-clad hill should be as productive as though its viscera were gold or silver ore: Joint Stock Companies would open prospectuses at Lloyd's, and shares in the Ballinablastaways would push the Real del Montes from their stools.

O'Connell—There is a great deal of sound truth in your bedinage, Juan, and a clever Sporting work on Ireland I have no doubt would be of essential service to the country. The "Wild Sports of the West" has done something: your admirable Periodical could accomplish much. Turn yourselves to us for a while. I have heard bitter complaints in England of the extortions practised upon strangers: they are either utterly false, vilely exaggerated, or founded upon false premises. An English traveller, intent upon examining some remote quarters, hires a carroty-polled red-leg to be his guide and sumpter-man: the *Sassenach* peradventure is a dabbler in Natural Philosophy, and away he trudges some thirty miles over moor and mountain, accompanied by Shamus bending under a load of botany, minerology, and such like trash. At the end of the march out comes the silk purse, with all the retiring bashfulness of the nymph from whom it was purchased in the Burlington Arcade, and five shillillins is the reward of a day's toil and evaporation of a gallon of sweat! If men will make wild-geese chases in wild lands, seducing the natives to put the nose they are to follow in a right track over pathless wildernesses, should they not come down handsomely for the accommodation of being preserved from perdition in quagmires, hobbling bogs, fords, precipices, and the like? Let them unbutton their breeches' pockets and pay their "guide, philospher and friend" like a post-chaise, eighteenpence a mile, not forgetting the post-boy, and send him to his mud cabin master of a hoard that shall keep the cockles of his heart warm for a twelvemonth!

Craven—Spoken like a Demosthenes, as thou art! How many a bitter day of toil and trouble shall the wretched inmate of a Connaught shieling pass, in which he shall never see the colour of a metal more valuable than the point of the loy that digs his meal of *cups!** and yet, when he holds out his hand for a recompence in silver or gold, there is a grumble like a concert of bears. Hunks! whomsoever ye may be, that seekest thus the picturesque among a bold peasantry, remember yours is a tour of pleasure: there you stand, as sleek and fat as a capon: look at your angular companion trying to grind out a remonstrance in most incomprehensible Sclavonic: is he not lean as a lath, hungry-looking as a vulture, grim as an alligator? Oh pause! be wise in time—fork out your guinea, for the *moneen* that spreads before ye is one of ill repute—it bears the name of an itinerant piper buried beneath it, bags and all: and should you grudge the reluctant gold, never more mayest thou be seen in St. Martin's-le-Grand!—gone shall be thy name from Copthall Court, and by strange hands shall thy next dividends be gathered!

Editor—As Chairman of the meeting, I must hint that we are getting out of order. The question before the Chair is, "In what way may Sporting be made the means of introducing capital into, and social intercourse with, Ireland." It would be more convenient that Gentlemen were less poetical, and confined themselves to the more immediate case.

Juan—For God's sake don't talk in that musty old worm-eaten fashion, as if you were a ladley ghost of a Commons Journal. No general principle can apply to the treatment of such a consideration. Were I to address myself to a thorough Sportsman on such a subject, I should point out (as far as my practical experience would enable me) how to a lover of the Angle or the Trigger, Ireland possesses capabilities and locality not to be surpassed in Europe. Had I a Cockney to deal with, I should detail the glories of a breakfast upon arbutus-grilled salmon on Innisfallen; or, vindicating in the language of Burke the claims of smell to the sublime and beautiful, I would revel on the odours of grouse-soup rising to Heaven in grateful incease from M'Gillicuddy's Reaks. Oh that feathered nectar! Well do I remember some years ago a revel upon the Donegal hills, for which Caligula or Quin would have paid with a segment of their lives! I was on a visit at Oakfield, the hospitable seat of the present Assistant Barrister for Mayo. The 20th of August called us to the mountains: our early sport was famous: birds enough had been bagged to send down to the party at home, and an aboriginal *Ude* received orders to compound soup of osme of the hardest shot that were selected for that purpose. A part of the mountain, near a rivulet, was fixed upon for our dinner-bivouac; and as we drew near to it, shall I ever forget the divine afflatus that penetrated to my soul?—"never while memory holds a *nose*." From among the couches of living purple, spread in Roman luxury for our meal, arose a cloud of richly-distilled perfumes. Like a band of Sybarites did we close around the glorious tureen, the mighty pot of a still the eye of gauger had never profaned. Down goes a fathom of ladle, and up comes *à profundis* the thrice-blessed manna of the Wilderness! There was the luscious rivalry of the patriarchal cock, with the meeting tenderness of the budding-pout, whose swelling bosom and limbs of tempting roundness would have seduced a community of Anchorites.

* One of the most indifferent of the potato tribe, growing in moorland and watery soils.

Editor—I must ring and order some more supper....Waiter!—waiter!—waiter!

Juan—Brief grace encumbers such feastings: to hear the fragrant mass go plop into the plates; to see the *cead mille faltagh* with which the palate received it—the very memory would sanctify a mouldy crust. Around were our four-footed friends, with fixed eyes and dewy chops; they could not resist the concord of sweet scents. Burgess! man of savory substitutes, wherefore hast thou forgotten Essence of Grouse?—overlook it no longer. When I think upon it, I feel the force of the Frenchman's exclamation—*Avec une telle sauce on porrait manger son pere!*

O'Connell—It's a pity we have so few pheasants; to speak as a sportsman, indeed we have none.

Juan—I scarcely can think it of any importance. Pheasant shooting is, in fact, a domestic amusement; a sort of thing for which a man abandons his library fire for a couple of hours; a sylvan apology for cherry-brandy at luncheon. No one would think of an emigration into a foreign country for a chase so odorous of bread-sauce. Let grouse be preserved as they *were* in Scotland, and with its wild picturesque accompaniments it will always attract as an autumnal sport; and, for winter, Ireland in woodcock and snipe shooting, stands unrivalled in Europe. I've seen twenty couple of cocks bagged to a single barrel in a December day with its seven hours of day-light; Big-wigs, Hibernian *battue* men, have been known to douse as many as forty. Now would not a few degrees of longitude be profitably traversed for such returns as these? And then for angling! oh, ye Gods and little fishes! why there was Docter Shiel who rented the weirs at Ballyshannon from Colonel Connolly, he would walk ye out for ten minutes before breakfast on the Erne-water, and, while you listened to the tea-urn singing upon the table, clap a rod into your hand, and by the shade of glorious Izaak you killed your brace and a half of salmon, the least kicking the beam to the music of two score pounds avoirdupois! Oh, Piscatores, ye solitary ones, who frequent flat-bottoms abreast the Swan at Ditton, and at "the stem a post is stuck, and at the stern another," think of this: can you find the number of degrees in comparison between them? Tom-tit shooting in Battersea-fields to rifling royal tigers in the jungles of the Himalaya sinks before it.

Craven—Juan, you talk too much, and you have a vile ambition for fine speaking—craw-distenders—thorax renders. I pray ye reform it. O'Connell (I don't mean it familiarly,) you knew Dick Martin—what induced him to run a muck with the galligaskined, hazle-armed men of Smithfield? Surely so indefinite an act was never framed as that Animal Cruelty affair—what's cruelty to animals?

Juan—Oh *calum et terra*, what a question!—not to know what cruelty to animals is! Why the answer fits in a nut-shell—it is walloping a donkey.

O'Connell—It was another stave of a favorite tune with those active political fiddlers, the legislators of the rabble.

Editor—Are all the operations of the social body to be regulated by the practices of a Hermit's cell? Is man to take Nature for his guide *never?* Shall the beggarman, who contrives to put together as many shillings as shall purchase him a patriarchal pony, let him stand still with the load of sand destined to purchase bread for his starving family? Were it virtue, tell me, under such circumstances, to withhold the cudgel from his crupper? Why we are to be told racing is cruel; boz—fox-hunting cruel; fudge!—angling cruel; gammon!—shooting cruel; humbug? I recollect some admirable observations upon this subject, which appeared some years ago in a very talented periodical. Some one is supposed to condemn fox-hunting as a cruel amusement. "To whom," asks the writer, "is it cruel? Is it cruel to the hounds to feed fifty or sixty of them on crackers, and other sorts of food, in a kennel like a Christian-house? Is it cruel to horses to buy a hundred of them for a Hunt, rarely for less than a hundred pounds each, to feed them on five or six feeds of corn a day each, and to give them skins as sleek as silk? Is it cruel to inspirit with wild delight five score of the flower of England's youth, in red-coats, langhing, tearing, and tally-ho-ing like wild and wayward humorists?"—"But the fox?" objects some one. "Well then, the fox. Who knows but he is happy, breaking away before the hounds (probably with the same wild feeling described in Turpin when he heard his pursuers at his heels, and felt he could foil them)? The fox is no such coward as to think hunting cruel; besides, his whole nature is on the alert, which in itself is happiness. He is not always killed when he is hunted—and then fancy, if ye can, his delight on getting into an undiggable earth, just as the leading hound is at his haunches! One such moment is surely enough to repay a draggle through the dirt, and then he can lick himself clean at his leisure, and turn out like a dandy to snuff the morning air! And if there be a death, is it cruel to hear the who-whoop of a single fox, and glory to witness the ghastly slumbers of myriads of our fellow men, stark and stiff on the red couch of the battle-field!—which is the test of cruelty, the taking of a Brush or a Borodino?"

Craven—John Bull has one feeling in all his sports, and that never is lost sight of—fair-play. It is his maxim that no man has authority to take advantage of the very devil himself.

Juan—I suppose that we shall be told by some snuffletonian that stag-hunting is barbarous—inhuman—savage! Were I asked to point out the most gleesome of all created things I had ever seen, I should unhesitatingly say it was the deer turned out at Waddesdon Mill in the late Aylesbury week. Allow me to propose a toast—"His Majesty William the Fourth," with all his honors—not forgetting him as a M. S. H., and may he never be more sick and sorry than one of his own hunting deer.

O'Connell—"Amen with all my heart to that sweet wish!" Why don't the King hunt? The memory of His Royal Father is embalmed in a velvet cap and leathers.

Craven.—His Majesty takes much interest in all appertaining to field sports; though, from the habits of early youth he does not himself practise them. One of the first places to which a Foreign guest at Windsor Castle is conducted is the Kennel at Ascot Heath. The Royal Stud, too, at Hampton Court is daily being augmented by purchase of the best blood in the kingdom. Still, as the purple and scarlet never graces the turf, the object does not strike for all the attention to this breed of young stock, unfitted for any but racing purposes. Again leagues wide of our theme! The Irish Turf, however, comes within the pale; still I fear it is never destined to take a prominent position among the National Sports here. You have the most magnificent course in the world, and *that* would appear to content you. So too with your roads: for the most part they are unimpeachable, but not so the mode of working upon them. Had you a stud of Eclipses at the Curragh, until another *race* of jocks be introduced, the character of your Turf exhibitions will ever be mediocre. Until you purge your public conveyances of the Saracens by whom they are driven, the Road will be amongst ye below *par*. When something after the model of James Robinson, or your own countryman, my *portege* dandy, Pat Connelly, shall be seen on your horses; when forth from the yards of Dawson-street shall issue coaches with such men as Vincent Cotton on the Metripolitan-box, and Bob Brackenbury to finish the day's journey beside of—then shall ye not be as men having no hope.

O'Connell—Neither of those degrees of excellence are essential for this country: we want a far more necessary ingredient in our social condition, and we could be content to play second fiddle to you Saxons. See the feud that even at this moment is a reproach and a bye-word—"Pikeing out each otherse'en," as Scott calls it. Never was a more unwise, a more ignominious business, terminate as it will. But the night wanes fast—remember all that I have said * * * * come and see our sylvan life in Kerry now if you can, or when it may better suit; make Derrynane your home; and as often as you shall hear the name of Old Ireland, recal among the warmest of your friends there Daniel O'Connell.

[*Editor* rises, and escorts the guest to the hall-door, where he soon disappears with lusty strides and shouldered umbrella.—Returning, the bell is rung—Enter Waiter.]

Editor speaks: Get the bill—we return to England by to-morrow's packet. Send chamber-lights too: I am for bed.

Juan—And I too stand in need of a little horizontal refreshment.

Morrisson enters—Gentlemen, pray excuse me, but there is no bill to pay. I am to much honored by your having selected my house; my only regret that you have made so short a visit; the next occasion I hope I shall be permitted to expect a longer sojourn. May I trust that you have been comfortable? The guests are conducted to their respective chambers, and after the doors are closed a voice is heard from the room occupied by Juan, singing, with no mean attempt at melody, words that seemed the portion of some social glee.

Oh Erin! while such entertainment is thine—
Free, gratis for nothing, punch, oysters, and wine—
We're bound to proclaim thee ma cushlamachree,
"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the Sea!"

Mr. Crundwell, Gunmaker, of Ashford, in Kent, has just invented a gun, which combines beauty with safety in a very great degree: it is admirably adapted for cover shooting, and is so constructed that it cannot go off till raised to the shoulder. He intends taking out a patent for it: and I would earnestly recommend it to all persons who are in the habit of shooting in cover—particularly young sportsmen—as being far preferable to the percussion guns now in use, both for convenience and safety. The lock is completely water-tight; and as all the works are placed *inside the stock*, the usual accidents which happen in cover shooting from the branches taking hold of the hammer or trigger, cannot occur with Mr. C's gun. Indeed it is altogether an admirable contrivance; and one to which a short notice of this kind cannot do sufficient justice.

[From a Correspondent of the London Sportsman.

GOOD STORY.—We understand that Mr. Fraser, of Lovat, with a party of six guns, killed yesterday, on the lands of Struy, sixteen roe-deer. This is, we believe, the greatest number known to have been killed in one day in this country. Fifteeen were killed many years ago, in the woods about Rothiemurchus, but it was by a party of twelve guns. [Inverness Paper.

CALUMNY.

A poison neither mineral nor herbal,
But a much deadlier—a poison *verbal.*

FIELD SPORTS IN IRELAND.—SHOOTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTSMAN.

SIR,—Often would I have given the world to have known where to go for a few days shooting without interruption, however distant, with any chance of being repaid for my trouble with good sport, and for the benefit of my brother sportsmen in the same situation I write this. I am just returning from a month's shooting at Skibbereen, County Cork, distant from Cork 42 miles, and from sea four miles.

The Bantry mail passes this every day, and a kind of car coach every other day. The greatest desire to please pervades every class of the people here, and the sportsman feels the full benefit of it. Good lodgings are cheap here, from 8s. to 12s per week, best beef and mutton 3d. per pound. So the sportsman would not find a trip here an expensive one. Sullivan's hotel is most comfortable and cheap; 1s. 3d. a day for rooms and bed, both excellent; 2s. for dinner, and excellent attendance, so much wanted in most Irish inns. I arrived with four dogs, viz. one setter, one pointer, one half and half, called in Ireland a dropper, and a good retriever, all very steady, and never fail to "down charge," an accomplishment of the utmost importance in a place so stocked with snipes. I found the pointer too delicate to stand the water, in which a great part of the shooting is, but the setter was always hard at work in the most difficult places. For those who want dogs, I saould say Limerick was the best direction to go for them, and are easy to be found there, from 1*l.* to 6*l.*, according to their age and colour; blood red and black noses are the most esteemed from their endurance. The old Irish water spaniel is there to be found, I believe the finest and most sagacious retrievers in the world. My month's return of killed is—

	Couple.
Snipes	252½
Ducks and Teal	19
(Nine of which were killed at one shot in the air by a double gun.)	
Curlew	8
Woodcocks	7½
Hares	1½
Rabbits	1

besides herons, ox-birds, plovers [green and grey,] a few real blue rock pigeons, which are in abundance, but very wild indeed, and a very large milk-white seal, found by accident asleep on the rocks; the flesh I gave to the poor and the skin I have. The curlew are in great quantities in the bogs, rivers, and hills. The woodcocks were all killed on the open hills going from one bog to the other, and where, by-the-by, are quantities of quail, but from the furze, impossible to get on the wing at this time of the year; but, if the sportsman is not very determined, he will spend hours and hours in spoiling his dogs by trying fruitlessly to get them up. Hares should never be killed here, as harriers are kept close by, and being scarce the country gentlemen are all up in arms, very naturally, upon a report of a hare having been shot. I have not given this as extraordinary; twenty-one days' (the number of days I shot) sport, as I could never kill much, being a bad shot, but I think on an average it was good sport. The best day I had was seventeen couple and half of snipe, one curlew, one pigeon, one woodcock and two ducks; but a gentleman who joined me three or four times the same day, killed twenty-eight couple of snipe, two ducks and three teal; he had no dog of his own, but the countryman who went with him had a small cur who would fetch in the water only. In the evening he tried to convince me that dogs were totally useless; I readily admitted they were often in the way in snipe shooting, but I had no pleasure in shooting without them,—a feeling full half my sporting friends share with me. But I think a retriever absolutely necessary to persons wishing to make up a bag in any country, but more especially in this, where it is so intersected by broad dishes and brooks.

The country here rises in abrupt, short slate hills, with furze upon most. Small wet bogs run into one another in the bottoms, and here and there small lakes, the resort of wild fowl of all sorts in the summer; the flappers are in great abundance, and I believe are not considered worth the trouble of the sportsman in the country.

At Baltimore, nine miles from here, the mouth of the river is literally studded with Islands, under the lea of which wild fowl lay undisturbed at all seasons and weather, from year to year, by any one. If an English professional gunner took up his quarters at this place, and could send his game over to England, he would make a small fortune here in one season, as with a good punt he might be out every night, taking advantage of the islands.

One day, while at Skibbereen, I met four little boys, not more than twelve years old, with five salmon (out of season) the produce of their sport. I gave one a shilling for the use of his rod and line and himself for the next day, and for the first time in my life I turned piscator, and by good luck I caught two salmon; went out next day and caught one, but my arms ached so much I did not go again. I fancy a London piscator would turn up his nose or stare (like the farmer in the caricature, who is asked by a Londoner if he is any thing of a Zoologist, as the cockney has an odd bird in his pocket,—the cockney, to the surprise of the farmer, pulls out the farmer's tame Canadian Goose,) at the tool I had to catch them with, but however it answered, and the boy told me when the fish were in plenty, February and March, he could catch five a day. After church on Sunday I used to walk to the Salmon leap, one mile above the town, and always either saw them jump or lying in the holes. It appears to me a good river for fishing; there are quantities of rapids or runs, but I am no judge of fishing; the river is swarming with cormorants and herons, so I suppose it is a sign of fish in abundance. I should not close this without recommending on the sportsman's arrival, a letter to ask leave to shoot being sent to all the gentry who have it. It is only a matter of form, and it is never refused to a stranger, the hospitality of the Irish gentry is so great. RED ROVER.

Skibbereen, Cork, Dec. 30, 1836.

A WESTERN BEAR STORY.

[From "Life in the Woods."]

Among the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon River was a Vermontese, of the name of Dobson—a large, resolute, and athletic man. Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt, after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in the new countries, had been turned to the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer; just before emerging from the forest upon the clearing of its neighbor, the late worthy Joseph Sleeper, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty Sycamore, where he had been in quest, probably, of honey. A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down hind foremost. My friend Dobson did not like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and without reflecting what he should do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran up the tree from the opposite side from the animal's body, and just before he reached the ground, seized him by the fore-paws. Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of iron paws equally iron-strong with his own. Nor could he use his hinder paws to disembowel his antagonist, as the manner of the bear is, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree was between them. But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet. He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him. Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was, that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand. The twilight was fast descending into darkness, and his position was far less comfortable than it otherwise would have been at the same hour, surrounded by his wife and childred at the supper-table, to say nothing of the gloomy prospect for the night. Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance. But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task; and although he halloed and bawled the livelong night, making the woods and welkin ring again, he succeeded no better than old Glendower of old, in calling spirits from the vasty deep. It was a wearisome night for Dobson: such a game of *hold-fast* he had never been engaged in before. Bruin, too, was probably somewhat worried, although he could not describe his sensation in English, albeit he took the regular John Bull method of making known his dissatisfaction—that is to say, he growled incessantly. But there was no let-go in the case, and Dobson was therefore under the necessity of holding fast, until it seemed to his clenched and aching fingers as though the bears paws and his had grown together.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, who had at last been attracted by the voice of the impatient sufferer, bearing an axe upon his shoulder. Dobson had never been so much rejoiced at seeing Mr. Sleeper before, albeit he was a very kind and estimable neighbor.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be lounging at that rate when you see a fellow Christian in such a kettle of fish as this?"

"I run! Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you that I heard hallooing so last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing, if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Mr. Sleeper: and if you'd had hold of the paws of a black varmint all night, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why did'nt you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and *a rly*. But, if I'd known 'twas you ——"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson, bitterly, "you knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguy black varmints, though; and you know there's been a smart sprinkle of bears about the settlement all the spring!"

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So, hold tight now, and don't let the 'tarnal critter get loose while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night, I think I ought to have the pleasure of killing him. So you just take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull about the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward either; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament. The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clinched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe; and he apparently made all preparations for giving the deadly blow—and deadly it would have been, had he struck. But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and, to his further consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent indifference as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest vocal with his cries. In vain he raved, and called, and threatened. Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as himself had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add, that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

[FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.]

RESPONSE TO "MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT."

SHE.

By moonlight we met and you vow'd
No distrust of my faith 'ere to harbor,
Whilst I—caught a terrible cold;
So damp was that star-lighted arbor,
Since love first this poor heart entrammeled
By those dear eyes of him I adore,
My head in those charms has been running
But it runs faster now than before.

You spake of despair, and a vulture,
And agony, borne for my sake,
But what pangs has love that can rival
The pangs of the arch fiend, Toothache:
You swore by my lips as you pressed them,
To worship in age as in youth—
Tho' the pain in my heart you thus soothed,
Yet it sunk still more deep in my tooth.

HE.

By moonlight we met, and Don Cupid
Play'd the deuce with two fond hearts that night,
We met, and the bliss-freighted moments
Flew past, winged by Love and Delight.
Still I fear that I was on that evening,
A precious sweet fool to go out.
For when Love his attacks intermitted
I had an attack from the gout.

Though 'twas transport I own to be gazing
In thine eyes, with my head on thy lap:
Yet really it w'ant very pleasant,
To get my leg in a man-trap!
Then old Towser must needs interfere,
So he flew with a growl at my throat,
And I barely escaped with a prayer to the Saints,
And a flap of the tail of my coat.

TOGETHER.

Then dearest if Fate ever bless us,
With moments so blissful again,
Though moonlight be sweet, yet I think,
In the parlour t'were wise to remain;
For the night-air Love's fervor will smother,
And chill every hope and desire,
Then sweet one, when next we're together,
Let it be by a bright sea-coal fire. S.

New-York, April 12, 1836.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse CONSTELLATION, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, ay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua. and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

mar 12 New-York.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St., corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arraigned out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

SIR GEORGE.

FOR SALE—The Full Bred Horse Sir George, five years old, 15 hands high, of a beautiful bay colour, sire, Sir Archie, dam, Henrietta. For particulars enquire of

STIMPSON & COWAN,

April 7, 1836. At the Bazaar, Crosby Street.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord-Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenemenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Busto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Taller—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l.*, distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (134lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 11st. 2lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chestnut, 15 1 2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,

feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired Accordions of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp step, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coco-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales*, &c. &c. constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science an composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,

feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next.

First day, 3 mile heats, ... for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats, ... for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5 . . . . . for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash. mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

LEASE OF THE ALBANY THEATRE

FOR SALE.—The subscribers, administrators of the estate of William Duffy, deceased, late manager of the Albany Theatre, offer for sale on very reasonable terms, the unexpired term of the lease of the said Theatre, together with a very extensive and complete Wardrobe, and a variety of Scenery, being the accumulation of many years, with every other article necessary for the carrying on of Theatrical entrtainments of every description—the whole in a condition to be put into immediate use. Also, the individual wardrobe of the late Mr. Duffy, comprising one of the largest and richest collections of theatrical dresses in the country. Applications may be made to the subscribers, at Albany.

JOHN H. DUFFEY,
apr 2-6t JAMES DUFFEY, Administrators

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD.

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

BROAD ROCK, Va - - - - - Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - - - - Central Course, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - - - - Trotting Course near N. Y. city, First Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th May. Grand Trotting Sweepstakes, $3000, Friday, 6th May.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - - - - Jockey Club, 1st Tuesday, 3d May.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - - - - Jockey Club, Western Course, Tuesday, 3d May.
DIAMOND GROVE, Ill. - - - Jockey Club, Thursday, May 26th.
FAIRFIELD, Va. - - - - - - - - Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 27th April.
GREENSBURG, Ky. - - - - - - Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats. Angora *vs.* Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept.
JEFFERSON Co. Va. - - - - Jockey Club, Wednesday, —th May.
KENDALL COURSE, Md. - - Near Baltimore, 4th Tuesday, 3th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - - - - Association, Oakland Course, Wednesday, 4th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. - - - Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 25th May,
LEWISVILLE, Ohio. - - - - Coshocton County, Thursday, 5th May.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - - - - - Third Tuesday, 17th May.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - - - Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
MADISONVILLE, Miss. - - - Monday, 23d May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - - - - Match, mile h. $5000 a side. Red Maria *vs.* Chuckfahila, 6th Dec.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - - - Jockey Club, Thursday, 21st April.
NEWMARKET, Va. - - - - - First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
NEW-YORK CITY. - - - - - Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 3d.
" " Monday April 25th, Great Sweepstakes, $15,000.
RAHWAY, N. J. - - - - - - - Fourth Tuesday, 26th April.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, La. - Jockey Club, 3d Wednesday, 20th April.
TREE HILL, Va. - - - - - - Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 10th May.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va. - - - - - Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, Wednesday, 4th May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - - - - Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
" " Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - - - - Jockey Club, Second Tuesday, 10th May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A member of the Savannah Rifle Club writes, "If the Targets printed in your paper were *really* fac-similes, the New York Rifle Shooters can tan us all to eternal smash; as for my single self, you must forgive my lack of faith." If "seeing is believing" we could confirm your faith, sir, by sending you a few of the targets. They are tastefully framed and grace the walls of our editorial sanctum.

Will the "Subscriber" who sent us a report of the four mile race at Macon, Ga. or the Secretary of the Club, inform another subscriber whether the Central (query *Western*) Turf at Macon, is a *full mile*? If not, how much short is it?

"Somebody *you* know" has written us to give Mrs. JOEL G. SEAVER a lift! We shall turn him over to our old Correspondent Joel G. himself, who we understand is the lady's husband, CHARLES YOUNG to the contrary notwithstanding How is it, friend Joel? Write and tell us all about it. By the way, why were you not here to run for Mayor? We intended to *draw a cork* on the occasion.

For "Miss Foote" read *Miss Mellen*, as the widow of Coutts, and the present Duchess of St. Albans, in our last paper. Mr. Coutts left her sole heir to his estate which amounted to Nine hundred Thousand pounds sterling, or about 4,500,000 dollars!

The Aboriginal Port Folio alluded to by W. E. B. has not made its appearance. Let us catch the author on our premises and see if we dont give him one of John Quincy Adams' regular pump-handle shakes.

We *have* quoted the best article in the last Knickerbocker. Read the article on April Fooling in to-day's paper.

Papers for our Philadelphia Subscribers are invariably forwarded by the Friday afternoon mails. We are glad to say there are lots of them.

Mr. ABBOTT, now playing at the Park, was born at Chelsea, in 1789, and made his debut at the Bath theatre as *Alonzo*, in Pizarro, in his 17th year.

In betting on the weight of a man, it is presumed that he weighs with his clothes on and not off. C. therefore wins his bet. You wouldn't have the man strip stark naked, would you, you rogue of the world?

Metcalf ran a mile in England in four minutes, twenty-eight seconds.

Mrs. Siddons *did* play Belvidera at Covent Garden on the 17th Nov. 1803; Cooke played Pierre, and Kemble, Jaffier.

In England can the father of an illegitimate child, being a boy and four years old, demand the child?—No. Should the mother refuse to give up the child, can she compel the father to pay? Yes.

Mr. Dinneford of the Franklin, did once manage a theatre in Providence. He was not born there, "thank Providence."

RETURN OF MR. BRYANT.

FROM the subjoined correspondence it will be seen, that, shortly after his arrival in this city, Mr. Bryant received an invitation from his personal friends and the admirers of his genius, to meet them at a public dinner, tendered to him as a manifestation of their respect for his talents, and their satisfaction at seeing him again among them. This, it will also be noticed, he has declined. We are sorry for this, as the assemblage of worth and distinction on the occasion would have been in the highest degree flattering to the poet, and honourable to the city. [Mirror.

TO WILLIAM C. BRYANT, ESQ.

NEW-YORK, March 31st, 1836.

DEAR SIR—Learning with pleasure your arrival in New-York, and desiring to express our high sense of your literary merit and estimable character, we beg to congratulate you upon your safe return, and to request you to name a time when you will allow your friends the honor of meeting you at dinner. Very respectfully and sincerely, your obedient servants,

Cornelius W. Lawrence,	Gulian C. Verplanck,
Washington Irving,	James K. Paulding,
Fitz-Greene Halleck,	Prosper M. Wetmore,
William Dunlap,	Samuel F. B. Morse,
William T. M'Coun,	Robert Sedgwick,
Henry James Anderson,	John W. Francis,
George P. Morris,	Theodore S. Fay,
Henry Ogden,	Henry Inman,
Asher B. Durand,	Thatcher T. Payne,
Charles F. Hoffman,	Morgan L. Smith,
George D. Strong,	John Howard Payne,
George Curtis,	Joseph C. Hart,
Edward Sandford,	Edward Curtis.

To the foregoing Mr. Bryant returned the following answer:

NEW-YORK, April 2, 1836.

GENTLEMEN—It is unnecessary for me to say how much the honour you have done me has increased the pleasure of my return to my native land, and how high a value I place on such a testimony of kindness from hands like yours. I cannot but feel, however, that although it might have been worthily conferred on one whose literary labors abroad had contributed to raise the reputation of his country, yet that I, who have passed the period of my absence only in observation and study, have done nothing to merit such a distinction. This alone would be a sufficient motive with me, even were there no others which I might mention, to decline your flattering invitation. I am, gentlemen, with the highest regard and consideration, your obedient servant, WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

To Messrs. C. W. LAWRENCE, and others.

NEW-YORK RACES.

THE GREAT SWEEPSTAKES, mile heats, for three year old colts, entrance $5000 each, half forfeit, will take place over the UNION COURSE, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1836.—SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Wm. R. Johnson names the full brother to Charles Kemble, by Archy, out of Pilot's dam.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. "Dosoris," by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

SAME DAY.—A match, mile heats, will be run over the above Course, (Monday April 25th, the same day of the great sweepstakes), between Captain Stockton's and Mr. Ro. L. Steven's three years old.

1. Mr. Stevens names his imported English filly, Caprice, by Muley.
2. Captain Stockton names his gr. c. by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.

On TUESDAY, May 3d, will commence the First Spring Meeting of 1836.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday—A match, four mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, made by Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, and Mr. Ro. Tillotson, of New-York.

1. John Heth names br. f. "Margaret Armistead," (formerly called Rebecca Coleman), by imported Apparition, 4 years old.
2. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. "Admiral," by imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs. old.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250, six subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
2. R. F. Stockton names his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
3. Ro. L. Stevens names ch. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
4. Also, names English filly, by Muley, out of Caprice.
5. John C. Stevens names ch. f. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. W. Livingston names ch. c. by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, half forfeit; ten subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. J. H. Wilkes names b. c. by Henry, dam by Ariel.
2. James Bathgate names c. by Barefoot, dam Maid of the Mill.
3. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
4. Charles Green names Manhattan, by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. William Wynn, names ch. f. by Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall names full brother to Alice Grey.
8. S. Ringgold, names ch. c. by Medley, dam Cresida, by Charles.
9. John C. Craig, names produce by Arietta, dam by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke names gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

SAME DAY—Purse of $300, two mile heats.

THIRD DAY, Thursday—A sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, forfeit $100; nine subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names filly out of Polly Jones.
2. I. S. Snedecor, names gr. f. by Henry, out of Thorne's Eclipse m.
3. G. T. Wilson, names f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. Wm. Jones, names f. by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
5. Jno. C. Stevens, names s. c. by Henry, out of Purity.
6. Alex. L. Botts, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity.
7. B. Seaman, names c. by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
8. Ro. L. Stevens, names "Envoy," by Memnon, out of Zarina.
9. Ro. L. Stevens, names c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

SAME DAY—Purse $500; three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY, Friday—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; four mile heats.

The Match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 Dollars a side, half forfeit, to take place the Second Spring Meeting, has been confirmed. The North to name at the starting post any horse owned and belonging north of Maryland—the South in like manner any south of the Potomac.

March 26, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, DAVID H. BRANCH.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.

jan 23 JOHN DREW.

A Boy wanted at this office. Apply immediately.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE SPRING MEETING over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th of May, and continue three days, for which the following Purses will be offered.

FIRST DAY.—A PURSE OF $300—*Three Mile Heats*, in harness, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after, a match between Mr. Smith's *Grey Horse* and Mr. Bryant's *Bay Horse*, Two Mile Heats in harness, for $500 a side.

SECOND DAY.—A PURSE OF $200, *Two Mile Heats*, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after a Purse of $200, Two Mile Heats, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never Trotted for money.

THIRD DAY.—A PURSE OE $200, *Two Mile Heats*, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse of One Hundred Dollars. Immediately after, a purse of $200, Three Mile Heats in harness, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over One Hundred Dollars.

N. B. The winners of each day's purses to be excluded from entering for any of the after purses—and the Weights in all cases agreeable to the rules of this course.

Centreville, April 14, 1836. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING MEETING, 1836.

OVER THE OLD FASHIONABLE COURSE, within two miles of the city of Washington, D. C., (now greatly improved by the erection of spacious and commodious buildings for the Club spectators, and horses' extensive enclosures; the widening and smoothing of all obstructions in the track, wherefore it is now better adapted to speed than on any former occasion, equal in that and every other respect to any course,) will commence on the second Tuesday in May next, with the great sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; sub. $1000; forfeit $250, ten subscribers and closed.

1. Colonel J. M. Selden names c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of James Gettings and himself.
2. Major A. J. Donelson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Captain R. F. Stockson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
4. Dr. A. H. Tyson names gray colt Frederick, by Byron, dam Ally Croker.
5. Colonel John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
6. Colonel Wm. Wynn names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. William H. Minge names Charles colt out of a Lucifer Mare.
8. Colonel R. B. Corbin names br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts name full sister to Juliana.

The entrance to the above stake will probably embrace as many fine colts of our most fashionable blood as will ever be brought together on any occasion—the own sister to Trifle and Juliana, Colonel Corbin's Charles colt, Capt. Stockton's imported colt, &c.,—all reserved to make their first appearance on the turf at Washington. Here is a chance to bet your thousands—every colt in training—all promising; each one has its backers, calculating to pocket the $10,000.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; sub. $200, $50 forfeit, six subscribers and close.

1. Charles Oliver names br. c. Lord Botetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. George P. Taylor names br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford and Brooks names ——, by Sussex, dam by Rattler.
4. Colonel James M. Selden names c. by Sussex, out of Brunette, sister to Gohanna.
5. Colonel Francis Thompson names Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Nixon, dam by Enclos.
6. Captain R. F. Stockton names c. Bergen.

SECOND DAY.—The Washington subscription plate, value $500, two mile heats, subscription depending on the number of subscribers, the winner to take the plate or money, at his option.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; subscription $300, forfeit $50; seven subscribers, and closed.

1. Thomas J. Goodman's colt.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles out of Sally Walker.
3. William D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
4. Samuel Spriggs names b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey names b. f. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Colonel James M. Selden names f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Colonel F. Thompson names ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clubfoot.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's purse $500; three mile heats; entrance $20.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; subscription $100, half forfeit; to name and close the 15th April.

FOURTH DAY.—National Jockey Club Purse $1000 in gold; four mile heats; entrance $30.

SAME DAY.—A Match Race.

From the number and character of the subscribers to the sweepstakes to come off here this spring, and the assurance to the proprietor that they will be here in person, promise a collection of from seventy to one hundred race horses, embracing every eminent turfite, and every nag of any distinction from Virginia to New-York.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor and Treasurer.

N.B. The proprietor may always be found at Brown's Hotel, when not on the couse. apr 2

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING MEETING OF THIS CLUB will take place the first Tuesday in May next.

FIRST DAY—Sweepstakes, Fifty Dollars entrance, free for all, 3 years old, 1 mile heats. Entrance to be made with the Proprietor the evening before the race.

SECOND DAY.—The Proprietors Purse, Two Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 2 mile heats, free for all ages, entrance Twenty-Five Dollars, two or more to make a race.

THIRD DAY—Jockey Club Purse, Four Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 3 mile heats, Twenty-Five Dollars entrance, free for all ages.

FOURTH DAY—Handi Cap Race for the balance of the Jockey Club money, best 3 in 5, free for all, entrance Fifteen Dollars.

Rules of the Course to govern.

The Proprietor would inform the public, that the tract will be in first rate order, and that he will have every accommodation for those that will attend the meeting.

apr 2 ELI ABBOTT, Proprietor.

TRENTON RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence on 19th of April, 1836. Amount of Purses and Sweepstakes, Four Thousand Dollars. Sweepstakes for three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed January 1, with 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater names *Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
2. Samuel Laird " *Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman " *Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis " *Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
7. J. C. Stevens " *Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott " *Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms " *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
1. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
10. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

And a Purse of Two Hundred Dollars, mile heats, free only for 4 year old colts and fillies.

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added; free only for three-year-old Colts and Fillies; and a Purse of 300 dollars, 2 mile heats, free for all ages.

THIRD DAY.—Purse 500 dollars, 3 mile heats, for all ages; and Citizen's Purse, (not less than 200 dollars); best in five, for all ages.

☞ Horses will date their ages from 1st January. The weights carried will be:—For aged horses 126 lbs; 6 years old, 121 lbs; 5 years old, 114 lbs.; 4 years old, 104 lbs; 3 years old, 90 lbs. with an allowance of 3 lbs for fillies and geldings.

☞ Distances the same as upon the "Union Course," Long Island.

☞ Entrances will close at the *Eagle Hotel*, on the evening previous to each Race, at 8 o'clock.

☞ NOTE.—In consequence of the extreme backwardness of the season, and the early date at which the Races are to come off, the Four Mile Race is omitted, as the Horses cannot have time to prepare for so long a Race. The proprietor feels it a duty incumbent on himself to assure the public that such an occurrence shall not again take place. The public may depend on witnessing, at the Second Spring Meeting, (which commences on the 7th June,) such a field, on the four mile day, as will amply pay them for this unavoidable disappointment.

April 1st, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Washington Course, D. C.

1. A SWEEPSTAKES to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $1000—forfeit $250. Ten subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of Jas. C. Gittings and himself.
2. Maj. A. J. Donelson enters b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters imported c. Longford, out of Peri by Starch.
4. Doct. A. H. Tyson enters gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alikroker.
5. Col. John Heth enters the full sister to Trifle.
6. Col. Wm. Wynn enters ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. Wm. H. Minge. (Mr. Minge's entry has been mislaid.)
8. Robt. B. Corbin enters br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Nullifier's dam.
9. Wm. R. Johnson enters gr. c. by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts enter full sister to Juliana.

2. A sweepstake to be run spring meeting 1836, for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, subscription $200, forfeit $50. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Charles Oliver enters b. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. Geo. P. Tayloe enters br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford & Brooks enter ——, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sussex, out of Brunette (sister to Gohanna).
5. Col. F. Thompson enters c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Ninon D'Enclos.
6. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters c. Bergen.

3. A Sweepstakes to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year olp colts and fillies, mile heats, bred in Maryland or the District of Columbia, and within fifty miles of the district.—Subscription $200, forfeit $50. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. Thos. J. Godman's entry is dead.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. enters ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
3. Wm. D. Bowie enters Charles Magic.
4. Saml. Sprigg enters b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey enters b. c. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Col. F. Thompson enters ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Club Foot.

4. A produce stakes to be run spring meeting, 1838, for three year olds, mile heats. Subscription $300, forfeit $100. Eleven subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Aurora, by imp. Autocrat.
2. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe enters the produce of Black Sal, by imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver enters the produce of Flora, by O'Kelly.
4. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall enters the produce of Thistle, by Sussex.
6. John H. Sothoron enters the produce of Maid of Patuxent, by Tychicus.
7. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Lady Badger, by Monsieur Tonson.
8. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of imp. Isabella, by imp. Barefoot.
9. Jno. M. Botts enters the full sister to Tobacconist.
10. Gen. A. Hunter enters the produce of the dam of The Captain.
11. A. H. Tyson enters b. f. the produce of ch. m. by American Eclipse and Luzborough.

5. A produce stakes for three year olds, to be run spring meeting, 1839, mile heats. Subscription $1000, forfeit $200. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Miss Chance, by Chateau Margaux.
2. Col. W. L. White enters the produce of the dam of Moscow and Sir Philip, by Goliah.
3. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by imp. Tranby.
4. Capt. Y. N. Oliver enters the produce of Flirtilla, Jr. by American Eclipse.
5. Thomas Watson enters the produce of Tuberose, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Bowie enters the produce of Agility, by Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of Eliza Riley.
8. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of the dam of Mazeppa.
9. Messrs. Gilmor and Tyson enter the produce of Sally Walker, by imp. Tranby.
10. John M. Botts enters the produce of Miss Waxy, by Monsieur Tonson.
11. O. P. Hare enters the produce of Flirtilla, by Chateau Margaux.
12. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
13. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. M'Clanahan enters the produce of the dam of Donna Maria, by Monsieur Tonson.
15. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Screamer, by imp. Tranby.
16. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Nancy Dawson, by Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig enters the produce of Reality, by Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin enters the produce of Betsey Haxall, by American Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Madam Lavalette, by American Eclipse.
20. Philip Wallis enters the produce of Lubly Rosa and imp. Tranby. mar. 19.

TO SPORTSMEN.

FOR SALE an imported Cocker Spaniel, of superior breed eighteen months old. Apply at 36 CITY HALL PLACE. april 9—3t

SPLENDID MATCHES,

TO BE RUN OVER THE PHARSALIA COURSE, at Natchez, Mississippi:—

FRIDAY, April 29.—A Match race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Bertrand.
2. Mr. J. Rocheleau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab.

SATURDAY, April 30.—A match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

TUESDAY, December, 1836.—A match race, mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, January 29, 1837.—A Match race, four mile heats, for Two Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard-Heart*, by Mercury.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1837.—A Match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. W. Bayle's s. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

The number of horses which I have in training has increased to SEVENTY. Among them are to be seen Betsey Malone, and Lauderdale, of *Alabama*; Susan Yandell, Cassandra, Longtail Blue, Margery Greer, Betsey Smith, and Jim Polk, of *Tennessee*; Spiendid, and Humming Bird, of *Kentucky*; Piano, and Prince Talleyrand, of *Louisiana*; Antelope, Red Maria, Betsey Rochleau, Hard-heart, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Naked Truth, Yazoo, and La Quip, of *Mississippi*. J. C. SELPH, *Proprietor*.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn betwixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood,	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood,	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

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